Reminiscences of Early Life in South Carolina

David Gregg McIntosh

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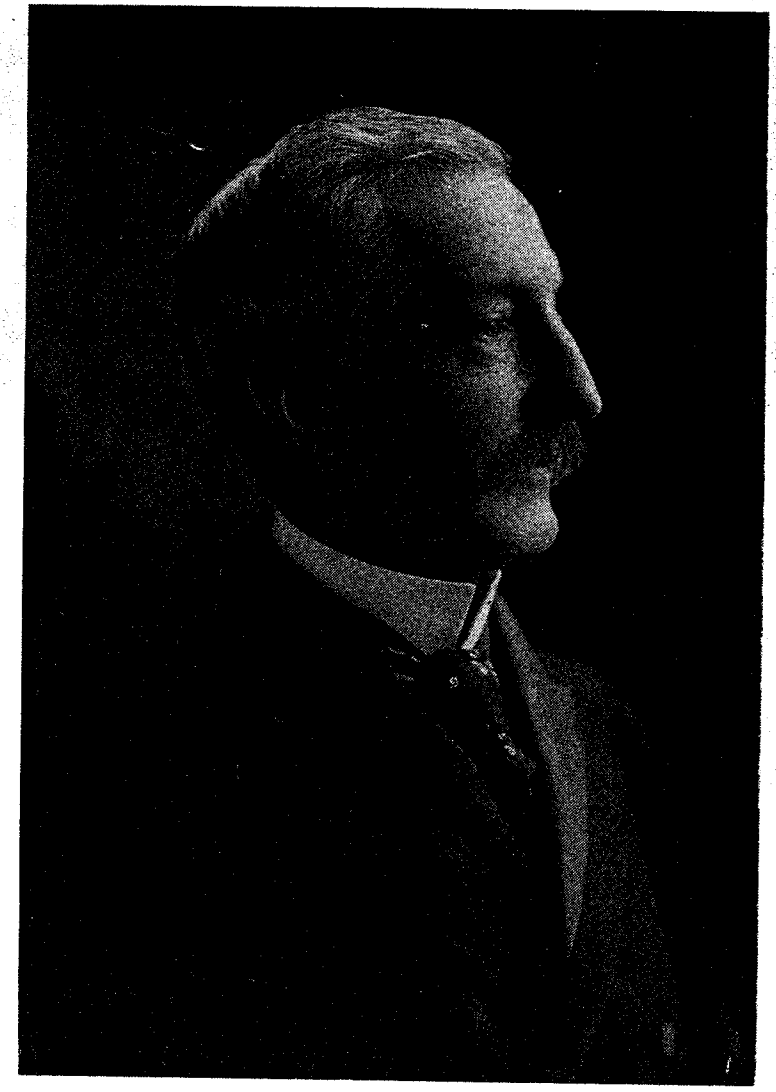
Published By

Saint David's Society

Florence, S. C.



DAVID GREGG McINTOSH

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

By

DAVID GREGG McINTOSH

Edited By

Horace Fraser Rudisill

Published By

Saint David's Society

Florence, S.C.

1985

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FOREWORD

Although David Gregg McIntosh states these Reminiscences were written for private circulation only, they give, however, valuable insight into the ante-bellum period in the upper Pee Dee Region of South Carolina. The Saint David's Society is pleased that this family has given permission for the publication of the Reminiscences. The original manuscript is in the South Caroliniana Library of the University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina. Corrections in spelling have been made and missing words supplied in several instances. The printed version has been divided into four parts - an Introduction, Long Bluff, Society Hill and the Confederate War. In two instances these divisions were made by the editor and the captions supplied for all four by the editor.

INTRODUCTION

The author of these Reminiscences, Colonel David Gregg McIntosh, C. S. A., was born at Society Hill, S. C., March 16, 1836, the son of James Hawes and Martha Jamison Gregg McIntosh, grandson of James and Margaret Lucas McIntosh and great grandson of John and Ursula Mikell McIntosh. His great grandfather came from Scotland sometime after the Battle of Culloden in April, 1745 and was among the pioneers who in 1756 settled near Welsh Neck on the upper waters of the Pee Dee.

His father was a successful planter and the father of eight children, five sons and three daughters, of whom David was the second child and eldest son. He received his preparatory education at St. David's Academy, Society Hill, and was graduated A. B. at South Carolina College in 1855. During the next three years he was occupied with plantation life, devoting his spare time to a course of general reading and the study of law. He completed his law studies under John A. Inglis at Cheraw, S. C. and was admitted to the bar in 1859, beginning practice at Darlington where he was briefly associated with W. W. Harllee of Marion District, S. C.

Meanwhile he was elected 1st Lieutenant of the Darlington Guards, which on January 3rd, 1861 was mustered into the service of the State for six months. They reported to Col. Maxcy Gregg on Sullivan's Island and later became Co. "B" in Gregg's 1st Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, which was sent to Virginia after the bombardment of Fort Sumter. After a brief stop in Richmond to procure equipment it proceeded to occupy advance posts successively at Manassas, Centerville and Fairfax Court House.

At the expiration of its term of enlistment the Regiment was mustered out of service and the men returned home to settle their affairs. Lieutenant McIntosh recruited a new Company known as the Pee Dee Rifles of which he was elected Captain and rejoined the old Regiment when it reassembled at Richmond. In the reorganization of the Regiment, the Company took rank as Company "D", and because there were eleven companies in the Regiment, one in excess of the required number, Company "D", the Pee Dee Rifles, was selected for conversion into the Pee Dee Light Artillery, Capt. McIntosh's battery and became a part of Gen. A. P. Hill's Light Division. It participated in the chief battles and engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia and won special fame at Manassas and Sharpsburg. In the second day's engagement at Cold Harbor, Capt. McIntosh had his horse shot under him while going into action, but escaped unhurt. McIntosh and his men were the first in the Federal works at Harpers Ferry upon its surrender.

After Fredericksburg, Gen. Stonewall Jackson recommended him to General Lee for promotion to Lieutenant Colonel. He was promoted successively to Major, Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel of Artillery. His battalion was a factor in the Confederate victory on the first day at Gettysburg, and on the retreat from Petersburg it acted as rear guard.

Col. McIntosh was the author of "Review of the Gettysburg Campaign" and "The Campaign of Chancellorsville" as well as other papers relating to the battles and engagements in which he participated.

After the war and his marriage Col. McIntosh returned

to Darlington, S. C. in the winter of 1866 where he resumed his long interrupted practice of law. Here the profession was soon confronted with a department order from General Sickles forbidding the collection of all debts contracted prior to and during the war. This almost closed the courts.

In the summer of 1868 Col. McIntosh, disgusted with Reconstruction and the supremacy of the military over the civil law, moved with his family to Towson, Maryland, the county seat of Baltimore County. Here he formed a partnership with Arthur W. Machen and Richard J. Gittings, both of Baltimore.

For many years the firm of Machen, Gittings and McIntosh participated in most of the important litigation in the county courts. Col. McIntosh engaged on one side or the other in the acquisition of rights of way for the construction of the Baltimore and Potomac, Western Maryland and Baltimore and Ohio railroads and the Gunpowder water works. He long served as counsel to the County Commissioners. In 1879 he was elected States Attorney for Baltimore County on the Democratic ticket and served four years. He was president of the State board of law examiners from 1904 until his death and president of the Maryland State Bar Association during 1909-1910.

Col. McIntosh was a man of highest integrity, great dignity and self-control. He was reticent by nature and had a quiet sense of humor. In his youth he was a member of the Welsh Neck Baptist Church, but after his marriage he attended the Episcopal Church which was the church of his wife.

He was married in Richmond, Va. on November 8, 1865 to Virginia Johnson Pegram, daughter of Gen. James West Pegram,

lawyer and banker of Richmond. They had three children, Virginia, who died as a young woman, Margaret, who married William Waller Morton of Richmond, and David Gregg McIntosh, Jr., who married Charlotte Lowe Rieman of Baltimore. He had five grandchildren, all of whom were born in his lifetime. Col. McIntosh died at Towson, Md., October 6, 1916 and is buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va. He was the last survivor of General Lee's full Colonels of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Although nearly the last fifty years of his life were lived in Maryland, he was always in close touch with his family and comrades-in-arms in S. C. As the eldest brother he was called upon by his family for assistance and advice in the dark years of privation and disruption after the war and he never failed to respond in full measure. Of his seven brothers and sisters, only his brother, Dr. James McIntosh, of Newberry, and his brother, Lucas McIntosh, of Society Hill, had children and descendants. Most of them lived in S. C. and are in touch with their cousins in Maryland.

So keen was his appreciation of the place of his birth and his affection for it that in 1910 he wrote the story of Society Hill as he knew it when he was a young man: its people, customs, institutions, activities and physical appearance. Seeing that in the course of time the little village had all but faded away, he endeavored to preserve a picture of what it had been and what it represented as an early center of learning and prosperity in a small community in the South. The story he tells is

almost like an archaeological expedition into the life of Society Hill rather than into its physical ruins. Thus its importance or "raison d'etre" may be that it will provide succeeding generations, especially the people in the Pee Dee area with a pleasant, interesting and instructive addition to their local history of the ante bellum period.

J. Rieman McIntosh
Monkton, Maryland

PREFACE

I am not proposing to write these pages for the public, nor for general publication. They are designed for the information of my children and grandchildren. It may be, they will be somewhat as I was when a boy, and not care for things which belong to the past. In that case, the pages may be put aside, until such time as leisure and curiosity as to one's ancestors grows with age. In our youth we are engrossed with the present, and concerned about the future. It is when middle age with its pressure of business is behind us, and the evening of life with its lengthening shadows has come, that we have time and inclination to review the past. It is then, the forgotten images of early days flock back upon us, and then, awakened interest carries us back beyond our own past, and we are stimulated to learn something of the history and manner of life of those of our own blood who have preceded us.

I was born in the first half of the Nineteenth Century, and I am now well into the first half of the Twentieth.

The world has changed much in that time, and things are vastly different from what they were when I was a boy; so much so, that those of the present day, and still more, those who come hereafter, will find it difficult to understand the revolution which

has been wrought in that time, in the material progress of this Country, and in the social conditions surrounding my boyhood.

The first time I recollect leaving home, we traveled fifty miles to the town of Camden, to take the railroad to Charleston, making the carriage ride with a relay of horses in one day. I can still recall the strange sensation I experienced as we entered the town about dusk, and saw the street lights, and heard the rattle of a hard pavement under the wheels. The next morning before taking the cars, my father[1] took me to see the monument erected to the revolutionary hero, Baron DeKalb who was killed in the battle of Camden, and when we boarded the cars and started, it was my wonder and delight to watch and count the mile posts as we dashed by them. Then, too, I was raised in a society where the possession of slaves was regarded as the most natural thing in the world, moral in itself, sanctioned by Scripture, and the safety and security of which, as property, constituting the larger part of the material and economic wealth of the country, was guaranteed by its owners by the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Congress. These social and physical changes have probably been greater in the little village of Society Hill where I was born in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, than in any other spot which I can call to mind. The social features of which it was justly proud half a century ago, have disappeared.

It was then the centre of large wealth, and of much culture and refinement. It was in many respects a unique community, and I do not think it is the effect of youthful imagination and partiality, which leads me to say, that if presented with its limited numbers, more individuality and force of character, than could be found in any place of like size on the top of the earth.

Had the lines of someone like Dr. Watson fallen in that community, he would have made it immortal; and the pictures he would have drawn, would have been every bit as interesting, as those which have made the name of Ian McClaren famous in literature. I am not presumptuous enough to suppose that I could succeed in any effort of that sort, and I shall not attempt it, but nevertheless it may interest some of those for whom these lines are written, to have me try to tell something of my early impressions of the place itself, and of the people who lived there.

LONG BLUFF

This historic spot lay at the eastern extremity of a long, open plateau on the right bank of the great Pee Dee, stretching back some three quarters of a mile from the water's edge to a fringe of woods succeeded by a range of hills which rose abruptly from the plain. It was at one time a place of much commercial importance, being a sort of port of entry for a wide space of country on both sides of the river, and the channel through which flowed all supplies from the outer world. How many houses or inhabitants it may have possessed I never heard, and never inquired, but it must have been the judicial centre of the district or parish, as it claimed to have had a courthouse and jail.

It was here as I have heard, that Adam Marshall[2], who married a daughter of Captain James Gregg[3], and was my Grandfather's oldest sister, settled about the close of the 18th Century and embarking in the mercantile business amassed a considerable fortune, and became possessed of a large body of contiguous land. But all trace of its ancient glory had departed before my day. Wide fields of cotton and corn covered the landscape, and all that remained were rows of old warehouses, used by the merchants and planters who had moved to the hills beyond, which were strung along the bank on either side of the road where it stopped short at the water's edge.

The Bluff, however, continued to be a great point of interest to the neighborhood, aside from its being the favorite

objective point for afternoon rides and drives, it continued to possess great interest as the landing for the pole-boats which navigated the river and afterwards of the steamboats when their day came in.

The advent of the first steamboat which I well remember, was a big day, for white and black, little and big, and everybody flocked to the Bluff. Its arrival continued always to be quite an occasion. When the whistle blew miles away a little company was sure to gather and drive in hot haste to the boat, and it was considered a great privilege to go aboard and look her over, and be spoken to by the Captain.

Previous to the advent of steamboats on the Pee Dee, there had been one or two attempts to use mules as a motive power to turn the wheels, but the efforts in that direction soon ceased.

Previous to that again was the pole boat, which continued in use for some time after the introduction of the steamboats. My Father, as well as my Grandfather Gregg[4], owned one or more of these pole boats, and I recall my Father's having one built, chiefly with Negro hands, of very considerable size, (capable of carrying several hundred bales of cotton, stored in her hole, and piled in the middle of the deck) which was launched with much ceremony. They were called pole boats, because in coming upstream, they were pushed by a gang of eight or ten stout men on either side of the boat, armed with long poles, which they plunged into the water

alongside, and bracing one end of the pole against the shoulder, threw all their weight against it. As the boat moved, the polers moved also, until traveling the length of the boat, they raised the poles and reversing their step, began again at the other end. As the polemen braced themselves to the tack and slowly pushed against the current, they kept time to some vocal music which was peculiarly their own. The trip down the river and back occupied several weeks, and in time of high water was not free from peril. The hands were all under the control of a coxswain, who held the rudder and directed the movements of the boat and who on my Father's boat was addressed by the crew as "Cap'n Sam", but who was known to me as "daddy Sam". He was, though a slave, a carpenter by trade, and was with a little assistance the chief builder of the boat he commanded. My Father had the utmost confidence in him and he well deserved it. He had in his control on these trips cargoes, worth thousands of dollars, and I never heard that he was ever in the slightest degree unfaithful to his trust. Sometimes my Father would meet the boat at Georgetown, the mouth of the river, to look after the transfer of cargoes to steamboats or vessels running from there to Charleston, although an agent at that place, Mr. Waterman[5], usually attended to such matters for him. On one occasion when Father met the boat, "Cap'n Sam" informed him that "July", one of the hands, and I think the most powerful Negro I ever knew, and a fellow at times of ugly disposition, had been very unruly and insubordinate on the trip down, and he was afraid he would have trouble with him going back. This was in the afternoon, as I heard

my Father relate it, and he at once ordered July to leave the boat and go home by land on foot. My Father left some hours afterwards, about night. The distance to Society Hill was ninety miles, over a road of deep sand. He traveled in his sulky with a powerful horse, Boxer, that I recollect well, and expected to overtake July on the road. He drove all night, arriving home the next morning to breakfast, and when he drove in the front gate, there was July waiting for him. It was my Father's purpose I believe when he overtook the Negro, to take him up in the back of the sulky. I am sure he never carried arms, and it was an instance of his absolutely fearless disposition, that at night on a lonely road he expected to overtake and probably ride with one who anticipated punishment for his misbehavior and whom he knew to be the most unmanageable of all his slaves. My Father was what would be called a good disciplinarian, and this habit extended to all his domestic relations. He was just and kind to his slaves and provided them liberally with food and clothing, but he recognized that discipline and regulation was necessary for their government, and conducive as well to their own morals and welfare as to their master's interest. On the plantation their respective tasks were allotted them by the overseer and the black foreman; they were called to work at a certain hour, and one hour at least allowed at noon. Oftentime, the more ambitious would prefer to finish their work at once, when

they had the rest of the day. Any trouble usually arose with this class, who had time on their hands, and who wanted to roam at night. This was forbidden. My Father's effort was to induce intermarriage if possible, among his own slaves, and they were always encouraged to that end. But still there were exceptions, among them Daddy Sam, and Daddy Peter, the coachman, whose wives had other owners, and who lived miles away.

Punishment for failure to do their tasks was of the rarest occurrence; but Negroes like White people will get into brawls and fights, and fights about women were not infrequent. The only police regulation possible to control this was a standing order that fighting would certainly be followed by corporal punishment.

When this came to be recognized as the law, it was submitted to as a matter of course. The offender took his medicine, and that was the end of it. I could never detect any trace of ill will when it was over. My Father's relations to his Negroes (we never spoke of them as slaves) were those of fairness and kindness on his part, and absolute respect and confidence on theirs. I think on the whole they were regarded as about the best behaved lot of Negroes in the neighborhood.

Navigation of the Great Pee Dee even by pole boats was confined to the winter season. In summer the stream was shallow in places, and in dry seasons the sand bars stretched almost from one side to the other. In width it was perhaps a little over a hundred yards, making it a good swim to cross against the currentand return without a rest.

At an ordinary stage the water was considerably below the top of the Bluff, but on the opposite side the land was much lower, and composed of rich alluvial soil, which extended back for some miles, and beyond that, were a number of marshes, where wild ducks congregated in winter and where I went shooting occasionally, but always found the ducks too wild for me.

The river had many bends, alternating with a bluff on one side and a sand bar on the other, the latter being used in the spring of the year as a base in the catch of shad. I spent a number of Saturdays, as a boy, with my Grandfather Gregg at one of those bars a few miles below Long Bluff, where he would be engaged in shad catching, watching the boats piled up with the seine as they made their rounds into the river, and then seeing the hands wade in to haul the seine and throw out the fish, which would embrace a variety besides Shad, including Sturgeon of considerable size. The midday meal was always plenty of fresh fish with large cakes of plain corn bread, and as the only water to be had was that from the river, it was usual to pour into the tin cup of water about to be drunk a quantity of molasses, whether to destroy germs or make the beverage more palatable I am not sure, but I think the latter. My Grandfather and myself always took exactly the same fare handed out to the Negroes. I think my Grandfather must have persisted in the shad fishing as much from the spirit of sport as of gain. I think he often lost money by it. He supplied the fami-

lies of his friends and his own, and some of the catch was corned, but the seasons were often poor, and the expense and exposure considerable. The usual price of a good shad was a shilling, but I have often known twenty to be sold for a dollar, while the other fish caught were fairly given away.

One of these bends of the river where lay a number of cotton plantations opposite the Long Bluff was called the "Welsh Neck", another on the near side lower down was Robbins Neck"[6], and they were more or less protected by levees or "dams" as they were called. In time of great freshets these dams would give way occasionally, causing immense destruction of crops and loss of property. Sometimes the dams were not high enough to keep out the water, and I recollect one occasion when the water rose to within about two feet of the top of the Bluff. These were times of great anxiety, and the yellow flood extending as far across the stream as the eye could reach, would be eagerly watched with its varied assortment of drift, by the neighborhood gathered on the banks at Long Bluff.

A mile and a half above Long Bluff, the bluff shifted to the other side of the river. Here was established an old ferry, and shortly after ascending the bluff from the ferry, you came upon the remains of an old and deserted graveyard. This was connected with the old "Welsh Neck" Church, and with the previous settlement of the County.

The Church was founded 1738 by a colony of Welsh and was an offshot of a Delaware settlement when the original Colonists

were said to have purchased a tract of 30,000 acres from William Penn. When established on the banks of the Pee Dee, it is said to have been one of the three Baptist Churches then in Carolina, the others being at Charleston and on Ashley River.

In the annals of the Church, appear the record under date of May 2, 1761, "Alexander McIntosh and Roderick McIver, members of the Church of Scotland, were upon their confession of faith and experience in godliness, and upon signing a covenant, admitted to the Lord's Table." This Alexander McIntosh with his older brother John, settled on the Pee Dee about the year 1756, Alexander locating in the Welsh Neck on the east side of the river, and John about two miles below Long Bluff on the west side of the river, on the highway leading to Georgetown, near a small stream called Cock-run, where in my boyhood there were some faint traces of an old settlement.

Alexander was quite a distinguished character. The name Alexander MacKintosh appears as captain in his Majesty's Service in 1765. When trouble with the Mother Country came on, as Alexander McIntosh, of Cheraw, he was elected Major of the 2nd Regiment, raised by order of the Provincial Congress, and was in correspondence with Henry Laurens, President of the Council of Safety at Charleston. He was afterwards made brigadier and appointed to the command of the eastern portion of the State. His active service was chiefly in Georgia in command of a regiment there, serving under

General Moultrie, who upon the evacuation of Charleston, selected him to conduct the negotiations with General Prevost commanding the British forces. Perhaps one of the most honorable positions he filled was that of President of the St. David's Society, a body incorporated for instituting and endowing a seminary of learning in the district of Cheraw, and founding a public school in the parish of St. David's for educating (so the subscription ran) youths in the Latin and Greek languages, mathematics and other useful branches of learning.

The subscriptions were said to have run from five to five hundred pounds, and to have embraced every person of any consequence in the parish. The name of Alexander McIntosh headed the list of organizers who met for the purpose in 1777. If the endowment was ever put into shape I do not know. I never heard of an endowment fund in my day, but a substantial school house was built known as St. David's Academy on the first high hill from the river near where the Baptist Church now stands.

Alexander McIntosh, the general, was said to have left three children, a son John and two daughters[7], but they disappeared from the neighborhood before my day.

The elder of the two brothers, my great Grandfather, John McIntosh, died at the beginning of the revolution in 1774.

He had first obtained a grant of land on Black River, but moved soon afterwards to the Pee Dee. He left five sons of whom my Grandfather James was the youngest.[8] The oldest son Alexander figured in the Revolution, and was said to have been a man of great personal prowess, commanding a company of Whigs, and engaging in many desperate encounters with bands of tories. Many stories were said to exist in tradition in reference to hairbreadth escapes made by him, one being that when hotly pursued he leaped his horse across a wide deep stream between Society Hill and Darlington Courthouse, called Black Creek, which seems incredible as I have often crossed the stream on bridges at different points and know well its width. Of my Grandfather James, I know little. A large marble slab covers his grave in the burying ground of the Baptist Church at Society Hill, and beside him are the graves of his daughter Louise, who died quite young, and his widow, my Grandmother whose maiden name was Margaret Lucas. I presume my Grandfather must have dissipated his means, as he left my Grandmother with two children and little to support them. She was rather small of stature, and thin in person, but quite active, and possessed of decided will and force of character. She continued to live with my Father for a number of years after his marriage, and until the family grew large. Her favorite occupation was reading her large family Bible, which was usually spread open on her lap. Her grandchildren frequently paid her visits in her

room on winter evenings, where she would always be sitting before an open fire of pine knots, and would interrupt her readings to tell us Bible stories. If not thus engaged she would be diligently knitting, for idleness had no place in her makeup. Had she chosen to do so, doubtless she could have told us many other interesting things besides Bible stories, and much that we would now like to know about her early experiences and the Lucas' and McIntosh's who preceded her, but she was not a great talker, and I imagine some of her early trials were not pleasant subjects to dwell on.

The only other descendants of John McIntosh, the immigrant, living in the neighborhood in my day, were a Mr. William McIntosh and Alexander McIntosh, both of whom lived some miles from Society Hill and whose children attended school, and both of whose families moved west after a few years, and Mr. Henry McIntosh[9] and his sister, Mrs. A. Norwood[10] who lived in the neighborhood of Hartsville.

My Grandfather's next oldest brother William married a Miss Mikell and their only child known to us as "Aunt Watson"[11] lived in Cheraw, a fine pleasant portly old lady of whom we were very fond and used to go to see whenever we went to Cheraw. She had a married daughter Ellen, and a son Alonzo who never married. Ellen married a Mr. Benjamin McIntosh, not related to us.

SOCIETY HILL

The removal of the residents from Long Bluff to the hills beyond, began before the close of the Century, and to the new settlement was given the name of Society Hill. It lay scattered along either side of the main highway leading from Cheraw to Darlington Courthouse. The road from the Bluff to the village, intersects this latter at the first considerable hill, and at the intersection of the two roads, on a commanding eminence the Welsh Neck Church found a new home. The present structure taking the place of the old one was erected early in the forties. With its lofty porch, and stately pillars, covering the front, it might easily be mistaken for a Grecian Temple, were it not for the tall steeple and belfry in rear. It was built like most of the dwellings, more with reference to summer than winter. Two doors opened to the front and two to the rear, connected by aisles running through the body of the Church, but without any suggestion of stoves or furnace. A wide gallery, supported on round columns painted white which was the prevailing color, ran around three sides of the building, used by the Negroes, the women occupying one half and the men the other. This was reached by a distinct door leading into the base of the steeple and thence by stairs to the gallery. In the front end of the Church, was an unusually large high platform reached by steps from either side, and in the middle and rear of

the platform space and lifted high above it, was the pulpit proper. Perched in his pulpit at great heighth above the body of the Congregation, the preacher looked down upon them from a distance, and at the same time he had a commanding view of the galleries. A conspicuous feature of the scene and one strongly impessed on my memory, connected with the platform, was a large high back mahogany chair with drawer underneath the seat and footpiece which stood on one side, and almost under the preacher's desk. This was occupied by my Grandmother McIntosh[12], who was quite deaf. Exactly how it came about, that her chair should be placed in this sort of privileged position I do not know, but it seemed to me perfectly natural at the time. Sunday observance in those days consisted of going to the Sunday School connected with the Church, (the lesson for which had to be learned the night before, or during the week), at 9:30 a.m. The Sunday School exercises were neither short or perfunctory, and these were followed immediately by the Morning Services in Church, including quite a long sermon. In winter the sermons seemed particularly long as the building, without any provision for heating and with four doors opening to the outside was oftentimes like an icehouse.

It may be, that the designers of the building counted upon the fiery zeal of the preacher to keep his Congregation warm, but I have a painful recollection that this was insufficient in

my case. Some of the old ladies I recollect took hot bricks to Church with them encased in neat little boxes of tin and wood, to keep their feet warm, but as a boy was expected to be superior to such weakness, he had nothing to do, but to sit and stand it. I do not think I have ever suffered more with cold and cold feet, than during those early experiences. The first preacher whom I recollect was the Reverend James C. Furman[13], and all my recollections of him are most agreeable, small as I was. He visited our family, of course. He seemedto me a most gentle and gracious person with the kindest and softest manners. Everybody seemed to love him. In the pulpit his oratory was not of the fervid order, but he had the same gentle manner, which gave to what he said the most persuasive force, and made him an effective speaker.

Many years after Doctor Furman had left the neighborhood, he returned to preach a memorial sermon on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Church in 1738. His sermon on that occasion was published, and I shall insert here one or two extracts from it, as furnishing, by one much better qualified to do so, than I am, sketches and pictures of the people and the times about which I am writing.

> "***How pleasant it would be to give a pen picture, however brief, of the goodly men and women who made up the membership of Welsh Neck Church. But, this is not possible. We cannot even name them all. Let us start from a point in the suburbs. At Centre Hall are Mrs. Grant and her daughters. At Myrtle Hill is Mrs. Jane Draughon Edwards, watching over her family group of two sons and two daughters, with even more than usual maternal care and anxiety. Hard by is Mrs. DuBose, with her

fatherless children Joshua and Sam Kirven. Then there is the residence of Mrs. Governor Williams, with the regular and occasional occupants of the same, her sister-in-law, Mrs. McIver; her beloved friend Mrs. Fort, and Miss Charlotte Kirven. Hard by is another home, presided over by Mrs. Alexander McIntosh, the eldest daughter of Pastor Dossey, admired from her girlhood as very pretty and very amiable, and as I saw her in Mr. Matson's life, a charming specimen of Christian simplicity and affection.

On the other side of the Williams residence is the summer resort of another family, where the wife and mother is wielding over a family of sons the kind of influence, which a superior intellect, embossed with genuine piety and fine culture does exist. She was the daughter of Enoch Hanford Esq., a lawyer of fine ability, and the wife of Alexander McIver, Esq., for years Solicitor of the North Eastern Circuit. In that group of boys was one who now sits as a Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina. Making our way towards the village, we pass the former abode of George Wilds, now presided over by his daughter, the wife of Major D. R. W. McIver. Mrs. McIver inherited the talents of her father, and the scintillation of wit in her conversation and her letters answered to the brightness of her lustrous eyes. Passing to the village proper, her mother, now the wife of Dr. Thomas Smith, with courtly manners dispensed a cordial hospitality, never better pleased than when, with her own hand, she was preparing some little delicacy to gratify the appetite of some suffering sick one. In the large mansion forming the background to quadruple rows of Water Oaks, was Mrs. Dr. McIver, with the blood of the Greggs and the Marshalls in her veins, and with a trembling christian hope, which was destined, notwithstanding her fears to the contrary, to flower out in the dark hours of death with the beauty of the night blooming Cereus. On the adjoining lot stood the former residence of the venerable Mrs.

McIntosh, whose hardness of hearing partially excluded her from the pleasure of general society; but only endeared the more the pleasure of special conversation with a friend and the reading of her Bible and of religious books. The observer who formed her acquaintance could not fail to see in her a Quaker like simplicity, united with a ruling love of order and an exquisite neatness. The knocker upon the door, and the andirons and their accompaniments upon the background of brick work brightened with turkey-red, shone like Corinthian brass, while her cap and kerchief always looked as if fresh from the hands of the laundress. And those outward signs had their counterpart in the attributes of her character. Without ceasing, she was seeking God's blessing on her son and his family prayers which God has answered with signal blessing. In the next home is Mrs. Alexander Sparks, an eminently prudent and judicious woman, of whom her husband once said that he had never made but two bad bargains in his life, and in those cases he did not consult his wife. Now, if anyone should infer that Mrs. Sparks was a noisy, blustering, self asserting woman, nothing could be further from the fact. Her strength was the result of sound practical sense, and great goodness of heart, a goodness of heart which made her hand ready to help in every call for aid. Across the street in the home of Mr. David Gregg, was his noble wife, who, though not a Communicant, desired to be so. In the equipoise of quiet dignity, of a meek and gentle spirit, Mrs. Gregg left memorials of her influence in her daughters, Mrs. James H. McIntosh (my mother, now dead), Mrs. Ettsel Adams, and Mrs. John J. McIver, and in an only son, Bishop Gregg of Texas. In the adjoining residence, the home of Mr. Caleb Coker, was his honored wife, still numbered with the living, and of whom for that reason, I cannot further speak than to say that sons and daughters fulfilling life's great end rise up and call her blessed. A little further back from the main artery of the village was the home of Miss Nancy McIver, of Miss Eliza Evans, Miss Rachel Holloway, and Mrs. Griffin and her bright boys and loving daughter.

This was an abode where Jesus would have felt at home as in the home of Martha and her Sister Mary. Miss Eliza Evans was too deaf to hear much of conversation, but she read constantly, and having a strong taste for the poetical, she charged her memory with passages tender or beautiful or sublime, and in her own peculiar manner would repeat them to others. Of dear Mrs. Griffin, I must say that if gentle earnest sympathy and unsparing attention to the suffering constitutes a claim to the title, she deserved to be called a Sister of Charity.

But the time would fail me to speak of Mrs. Watson and her daughters, of Mrs. Betsy Edwards, and Mrs. Bevil, of Mrs. Douglas, and the venerable Mother Sparks, and others still to whom the welfare of the Church and the glory of God were objects of prayerful interest.

We have taken this bird's eye glosser at the Honorable women of the Welsh Neck, in the expectation of dwelling a little more at length on that group of them found in the home which has been referred to as the Williams residence, a home whose hospitality, the young Pastor and his household were permitted to share during the time when a parsonage was being erected. The central figure in that group was Mrs. Williams herself, the widow of General David R. Williams, and ex Governor of the State and an ex member of Congress.

Mrs. W. belonged to the old family of Witherspoon, her father and uncle having an heroic record in the account of the Revolutionary struggles of our forefathers. Mrs. Williams was a tall finely proportioned woman, with regularly formed features, a clear cut mouth; lips neither too thick nor too thin; a nose slightly aquiline, soft hazel eyes, a complexion too sallow for beauty, and a voice and manner in which truth, sincerity, kindliness, and dignity seemed unmistakably blended together. In a sermon occasioned by her death, I remember to have employed a comparison of the transparency of her character with the limpid clearness of the

> streams of limestone water where the beholder sees distinctly the very pebbles on the bottom. Before I formed a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Williams, my former pastor, the elder Basil Manly had said to me of her "She is fit to be the wife of a President of the United States.***" [14]

While this sketch has the warm glow of the Pastor, I have no doubt it was faithfully drawn, but even in this Arcadian Society, there were some who were not angels.

Some of the personages referred to by the Reverend Doctor in this sermon had passed away before I was old enough to know them, but they belonged to the period. One of the ladies referred to, as the wife of Dr. Thomas Smith[15], the widow of Judge Wilds, I recollect as a delightful old lady, kind, indulgent, hospitable, and considerate.[16] I was a constant visitor at Dr. Smith's from my earliest boyhood, and was on most excellent terms with the two granddaughters of Mrs. Smith, Miss Carrie and Miss Fannie McIver, both of whom were fine Musicians, the one excelling in vocal and the other in instrumental music.

But I must add from the sermon of Dr. Furman, just one more little sketch of an old lady whom everybody knew and who was a great friend of my Grandmother McIntosh.

> "The third figure in this group, was that of an old lady, not always present, but honored with marked respect when she was there, Miss Charlotte Kirven. This remarkable old lady was herself a study. Born in humble life, never rose above the necessity of her own personal labor for a support, always attired in the simplest garb - a homespun

> or calico dress, and a Virginia, or an untrimmed cottage bonnet; yet, she was always a welcome and honored guest among those accustomed to the indulgence of wealth. Dr. Smith, who could not tolerate an idle poor person, always treated her with marked deference; indeed used to cite her as an evidence that poverty was no excuse for indolence and ignorance. But what was remarkable in Miss Charlotte's case was the amount of reading she had done, and her mastery of what she had read. It was interesting to observe the twinkle in her deep set grey eyes, when some point in theology became a subject of conversation. She would refer to the opinions of Wesley and Fletcher, of Burzan and Fallon, with clear grasp of their views, and often with a citation of particular passages. Andrew Fallon was especially a favorite with her. This acquaintance with books was not effected by dawdling over her work, but she saved the odds and ends of time, turning to good account moments that might have been wasted in listlessness or in gossip. It was really quite remarkable to see the little old woman, with her high cheekbones and freckled face, and her simple garb, throwing out observations which would have been recognized as appropriate in the lips of a man of letters."

"The Honorable Woman" here mentioned was presumably at least, an attendant of Dr. Furman's Church.

Neither my Grandmother Gregg (as mentioned by him) nor my Mother until after my Father's death were connected with the Church, although regular in their attendance. My Grandfather Gregg never went to Church, whether because of peculiarity of disposition or because there was no Presbyterian Church in the village, I do not know, but I think it must have been owing to some deep seated prejudice, as his brother Elias was the same way, and never went to Church.

My Grandfather furiously opposed his only son[17] joining the Episcopal Church after he was grown, and his opposition was still more vehement when after marriage he gave up his profession of law in Cheraw and took orders.

Gradually, however, the position taken by my uncle in the Church, and the deference and respect shown him on all sides had its effect in mollifying what my Gradfather regarded as an apostacy, and when he was finally made bishop and called to the diocese of Texas, I do not think he was insensible to the honor, and I have no doubt his pride was secretly gratified. Adjoining the Baptist Church was a considerable enclosed area, the burying ground of the neighborhood, the older graves being marked with large flat tablets, and the more modern with headstones and monuments. It was a favorite habit to inscribe upon the stones at great length the virtues of the deceased, and when worn with age, it was like decyphering heiroglyphics to read them. The inscriptions on Judge Wilds' tombstone cost the curious many a half hour.

The Episcopal Church, which was not nearly so old as the Baptist, and much smaller in membership, was situated a few hundred yards from the road or main street.[18]

I occasionally went to services there when a boy, with my Father. At one time the rector in charge was an Englishman, a fine old gentleman with ruddy complexion, and the typical English

parson. I think he would have liked to ride after the hounds, had that been possible, and I know he engaged his glass of wine, or better still, porter. He and his charming niece, who possessed a florid type of beauty, were both great favorites in the neighborhood and welcome everywhere - Mr. and Miss Elwell.[19]

In the Baptist Church Dr. James Furman was succeeded by his brother, the Reverend Samuel Furman, regarded I believe as a more learned man, but without the attractive personality of the other. His family occupied a pew just in front of ours, and it was always an event when they arrived. Besides Mrs. Furman were two or three daughters and a son a few years older than myself. One of the daughters was called "Lady Miller." I am not sure whether it was because she had married someone with a title, or because she was always so gorgeously attired.

He was succeeded in turn by his son, the Reverend Richard Furman, who married the eldest daughter of our next door neighbor, Dr. John K. McIver.[20]

In stature, he was below medium height, but strongly built, with large soft hands, keen blue eyes, thin lips tightly drawn, clean shaven face, clear cut features, quite bald, and with a thin crop of brownish sandy hair, brushed straight back, and falling in thin straggling locks almost to his shoulders. He was

my ideal in aspect of the Puritan. He had a large facial expression and could roll his eyes, and distort his features so as to convey the impression, when he was excited and exhorting his hearers to repentance, that he was suffering the extremest agony. He was fond of painting the everlasting torments which awaited the damned, and one could almost see the flames which rose from the sea of fire which he pictured. Listening to him was extremely painful to me, but I believe he was regarded as a most effective and powerful preacher. The most interesting, and in a way the most spectacular thing connected with the exercises of the Baptist Church, were the periods when revivals took place, and the converts were baptized.

At first this took place at a millpond nearby, but afterwards in the open air in artificial pool of spring water near the Church where the hills sloped around to the spring, which fed the pool, and afforded a large circular space for the concourse of spectators. It was a very solemn ceremony to see the preacher wade out waist deep into the water, and taking the new converts robed in white, immerse them bodily one by one, with a few words of admonition to each.

There were many conversions among the colored people, and when occasionally a colored woman would get frightened, as she went under the water, and grab for the preacher, there was no

telling for a moment what would be the consequence. This was enjoyed by the irreverent.

As illustrative of the relation which then existed between the races, I am going to quote again from the sermon of Dr. James Furman:

> "They (the colored people) constituted a large part of the congregation. On Sunday mornings, while Sunday School was in progress, quite a number listened to the reading of the Scriptures and other religious books . . . They attended the 11:00 o'clock preaching in common with the Whites, and at the close of this service the pastor preached to them separately. Some of the Whites would stay on to this service, and some of them were known to have said that they liked the sermon to the black people best. In the afternoon it was understood that the pastor would be in his study for conversation with any desiring any special instruction and particularly with those desiring to join the Church. The profession of religion among them was guarded with much care. There were seven colored deacons, who were charged with inquiring into the connubial relations of parties applying for baptism. That loose views of personal purity and of marriage obligations should have prevailed among the descendants of long generations of polygamists is not to be wondered at. Some have supposed that these evils are to be ascribed to their servitude, but this is a mistake. More were instances of unrighteous and cruel masters, who criminally disregarded the conjugal relations among their slaves, but those were the exception, not the rule; just as tyrannical husbands and cruel mothers and brutal fathers, are not the rule but the exception.
>
> The improvement in social morality among the blacks was manifest and progressive. Never before in the history of mankind had so great a mass of human beings been lifted from savage barbarism to an

incipient civilization as the millions elevated by Southern servitude, controlled as it was to large degree, by Christian man. Church relations and discipline tended strongly in the same direction. Indeed, an intelligent friend once remarked to me that the colored members of the Church were coming to be regarded by the other Negroes as a kind of aristocracy, and that there was danger of thisproving a temptation to join the Church. At any rate there was, in the large membership at Society Hill, a decided tone of good morals, and of unquestionable piety - slaves then, as in apostolic times, 'adoring the doctrine of God, their Saviour.'

The image of a number rises distinctly to my view, along with the mutual confidence between them and their owners, but out of them I beg to recall a single specimen from each of the sexes.

The first I mention was known as Maum Dinah, the property of Alexander McIntosh, who had nursed her master in his childhood and performed the same office for his children. So thoroughly trustworthy and sensible and sympathizing and handy was this good woman, that her presence in the sick chamber was greatly valued. She put on no airs, and though not forward to speak, yet when she did so, it was edifying to see the strength of her faith and the spiritual wisdom of a deeply experienced Christian.

She maintained family worship in her own cabin, and one evening in the week all her children, who had families, with others who would go in were made welcome. This she did without sympathy from her husband, but after many years she had the satisfaction of seeing her children and her husband baptized in obedience to the Saviour whom she loved and served. In her quiet way, she would place in my hand her two dollar contribution to the cause of missions.

The other name which I take pleasure here to record believing fully that it is written in the Lambs Book of Life is the name of Daddy Billy, one of the deacons. He was the superintendent of one

> of Dr. McIver's plantations. He was a venerable person considerably more than six feet in height, and while Maum Dinah had the pure African physiognomony in the shape of features and color, his face showed more of the Moorish style. He was piously reflective and the objects within the range of his observation became associated with religious truth. In telling of the trouble of soul which he had when under conviction, he said that he came upon a tree; the sawyer was at work; he thought of the foolish thing, rejoicing in killing the tree without that that very thing would carry it in to the fire. He saw in it an emblem of himself in his sinful follies, destroying his own soul. He once illustrated the good of preparation of heart for the profitable use of the means of grace by this homely, but telling simile. 'When the griddle iron is hot, a little bit of grease will run all over it.' Caught out once by a violent wind, a large oak near him was broken off, but the saplings and the brown hedge lay down before the blast, and when the storm was over, rose up unhurt. The old man saw in this the danger of pride, and the safety of a humble spirit. It was a fine instance of the genuineness, the naturalness, of his religious spirit that in the language which he used in prayer, an appellation for God which he frequently used was drawn from his personal experience. In tones expressive of mingled trust and reverence, he would say, <u>My Kind Master in Heaven</u>. The whole community, white and black alike, respected him for his sincere piety."

I have given this extract at length, because under the circumstances when the sermon was delivered it cannot be suspected of exaggeration, and the time will come when it will be next to impossible for people to form a true conception of the many varied relations existing between the two races.

After the demise of my eldest sister Louisa[21], a memorial Hall was erected out of funds left by her for that purpose, on the Church property, to be used for social meetings for the young people of the Church and for prayer meetings. From what has preceded, one may conclude that Society Hill in its moral aspects was a sort of model plan. One of the later pastors of the Baptist Church described the place "as a perpetuated example of Christian activity and refinement," and told the following story, - that when a lady from another part of the State, and having a keen relish for worldly amusements had resided for a while at Society Hill, and was asked how she like the place, replied with candor, she "did not like it at all, because it was Sunday all the week 'round."

To turn back to our starting point where this digression began, let me briefly try to describe the topography of the village. The highway referred to, as intersected by the road leading from Long Bluff, forked just in front of the Baptist Church, one skirting the village on low lands to the east, called the Old Darlington Road, the other running up and down hill through the heart of the village. To the west of the village at the distance of three fourths of a mile and embracing it on that side ran "Cedar Creek," a considerable stream of pure clear water, the stream itself being flanked on both sides by a heavy growth of cypress, and crossed at one point by a long stretch of foot logs, a couple of hundred

yards in length. Where the foot logs crossed the stream was a large open space caused by a slight bend in the stream, which was eight to ten feet in depth, and was the favorite swimming resort for the boys and men of the neighborhood.

On any warm afternoon in summer, a number of persons including the school boys would be found here engaging a buff bath, and seeing who could dive deepest from the spring board and bring up in his arms the greatest number of brick bats which were thrown in for that purpose. My father occasionally bathed there at mid day, when there was no one else about, and took me with him, but my usual time was in the afternoon with the boys and young men, and it was here after long and continued effort I learned to swim. There were two mill ponds on this stream near the village, one at "The Factory"[22] and the other lower down the stream where it was crossed by the road to Cheraw, half a mile or more from the Baptist Church. Halfway between these two points, a broad road to the east, led to the "Ferry" over the river, a mile or two above the landing at Long Bluff.

At the Ferry, there was always stationed on the far side, which was then a bluff, a large flat boat, tied up near the cabin of the Negro ferryman, which would carry several horses and wagons at a trip, and which was very dexterously poled a little upstream, and then rapidly across to the landing place. In time of high water too deep for the pole, more force was called in and oars were

used. This old Ferry was the only public ferry between Cheraw and Cashway, and was the gateway for a large part of Marlboro County. Several of the gentlemen living in Society Hill owned plantations just across the river, and used the ferry every day. In time of high freshets the water would extend on the [east] side of the river half a mile or more, making the crossing difficult, but I never heard of any accident. The ferry has now been replaced by a bridge.

Cedar Creek was the dividing line between Darlington and Chesterfield Counties, or districts as they were then called.

The road to Cheraw crossed the stream on an earth dam eight or ten feet wide and about 150 yards in length; the dam penned up the water in the stream, and furnished power for a grist and saw mill and cotton gin. The earth dam was not infrequently unable to stand the pressure of a heavy sudden rainfall in summer, and would give way at some weak spot, greatly to the inconvenience of the neighborhood and the traveling public, who had to flounder across the stream below the dam until it was repaired. These breaks occasioned much excitement in the neighborhood, and a crowd would gather to watch the struggle between the rising water, and the people at work trying to save the dam. If it went, the neighborhood would turn in to help to repair the breach, and the plantations around would contribute all their carts and wheelbarrows to move dirt, and as soon as the water subsided sufficiently the work would be vigorously pressed.

Just below the dam referred to, then called the Evans Dam, and situate near the Ferry Road, quite hidden in trees and shrubbery was the residenceof Josiah Evans[23], the father of William and Samuel and Edward who were grown men as I first recollect them. The father was judge of the Circuit Court of the State and afterwards U. S. Senator. He was esteemed to be a learned judge. As a neighbor he was kind and sociable. He had the ruddiest complexion I ever saw and was quite corpulent. The most distinct impression I have of him, for I saw him but seldom, was on one Sunday morning in midsummer, as he walked up to a group of gentlemen standing in the shade before services at the Episcopal Church, dressed in brown linen with a palm leaf fan in his hand, and exclaiming as he came up out of breath, "My, but this is a great strain on a man's piety."

One of the Judge's granddaughters after the war married my brother Edward[24], but neither survived the marriage many years. Another granddaughter married my brother Lucas[25], and she and some of her children still reside at Society Hill occupying our old home.

On the opposite side of the stream from Judge Evans and on the hills above was the old Dewitt home[26], while across from the ferry road was the home of Colonel Isaac D. Wilson[27], a cousin of my mother.

Reversing Dr. Furman's course, and approaching the village from the north, on a high hill to the west, before reaching the Baptist Church was the residence of Mr. John F. Wilson[28], a very

old man when I knew him, and one very much looked up to and respected, especially by the congregation of the Baptist Church, of which he was regarded as one of the main pillars. Going south from the Church, and passing a number of small dwellings, and at the mouth of the lane which led to the Episcopal Church, stood the shop of the Village Wheelwright, who was also a magistrate and general conservator of the peace.

Squire Fort[29] was a remarkable looking figure. He had a large frame, but it seemed to have become twisted in some way, and one shoulder was lower than the other, while his nose which had been broken and was much distorted, gave his face a peculiar expression, and also affected his articulation. Notwithstanding this, he was the gossip of the neighborhood, and his shop the center for retailing small news.

Anyone who visited the shop to have a legal paper acknowledged, or to give an order for the repair or making of a cart or wagon, was sure to be regaled with all that was new in that little social world and much that was old. He was, however, most highly respected and a valuable member of the community. I never heard that anyone tried to get his place as Justice of the Peace. He held the office I believe until he died, and died poor and respected.

He had in his shop two bright Mulatto men, who were free Negroes, the only family of free Negroes I believe in the neighborhood, and they were industrious, well behaved and highly thought of. I don't think they associated with the slaves, although they came to Church and sat in the Negroes' gallery.

Next door to the Wheelwright, was the blacksmith shop, carried on by John Tolson[30], who did an active business, and nearly always had as assistants two or three Negroes, sometimes hired, and sometimes serving as apprentices, until they were able to do ordinary plantation work themselves. One of those graduates (Reuben) did my father's plantation work, shod horses, made and sharpened plows, and ironed up the carts and wagons turned out by the carpenters.

John Tolson was a giant. He was of more than ordinary height, with great broad shoulders, and muscles in his long arms, which looked almost unnatural. His face was clean shaven, and pleasant looking, except when he was angry and then it was terrible, though this was rarely the case and I never saw it but once, when he met the schoolteacher whom he thought had been unfair to his children, and whom he caught in his arms and squeezed until I thought he would crush him.

Tolson was very fond of my father and would do anything for him. He frequently used to take me on his back and gallop about with me.

Next to the blacksmith shop on the other side of the street was the village tavern which sat back a little from the street, kept by old Archibald Douglas[31], who soon died leaving the business to his widow and children.

The business must have been small, and I think the most important feature was entertainment and care of the droves of

mules and horses which occasionally came along, and also the traveling circus, which made, if I recollect right nearly annual visits.

Then came several stores, the post office and doctors' shops, and a little establishment presided over by the tailor and hair cutter of the village, for everyone here shaved himself. Old Mr. Meigs[32] was a curiosity. One leg was badly shrivelled and twisted, so that the old man wriggled as he hobbled along with the aid of a stick. He had a lot of humor, which was all the more marked because his utterance was slow and distinct. Everybody felt kindly to the old cripple, and his family received generous assistance from the neighbors. When I was about fourteen or fifteen years of age, the old man made me my first coat to take the place of a round jacket. I recollect the material was gray, and I was unusually proud when I first donned it, since breeches for boys was unknown in those days.

Passing the tailor shop which stood on a corner of Mr. Alex Spark's[33] lot, on the west side of the street and also a storehouse which was unused, was the entrance to that gentleman's residence, a very comfortable home standing back from the road a couple of hundred yards with a beautiful row of oaks on either side of the driveway. Opposite Mr. Sparks on the other side of the street was my Grandfather Gregg's, with one old storehouse on the corner of his lot, and next adjoining Mr. Sparks on the same side

was my father's residence, with a store and warehouse on one corner of the lot, and opposite was the residence of John D. Witherspoon[34], a lawyer retired from practice. His house was surrounded by large grounds, but the original growth of stunted oaks had now been removed, and were not ornamental. The horses were frequently turned loose on this lot for exercise, and the way they would chase one another afforded unlimited diversion to the small boys. A law office stood at one corner of the yard, but this had long gone into disuse, the owner having retired from practice after acquiring from that and his inheritance a large and comfortable fortune.

Mr. Witherspoon, as I recollect him, was a fine cheery old gentleman, of handsome appearance, always well dressed in black frock coat, erect in his carriage, and with a springing elastic step of which a younger man might have felt proud.

He always accosted me as Dav-e-e and had a pleasant word to say in passing. His plantation was some fifteen miles away, and once or twice in each week you could count on seeing him drive past after an early breakfast, first in an open sulky, and afterwards in a light carriage, drawn by two handsome bay horses, on his way to the plantation, to return at dusk the next day.

Just opposite his gate on the far side of the street was another law office, but never occupied except for a short while by Wm. H. Evans[35], a son of Judge Evans, who was a member of the

bar. But all law business had left Long Bluff and Society Hill and followed other directions, to the east at the county seat of Marlboro County (Bennettsville) to the south, at Darlington Courthouse, and at the north to Cheraw, the head of navigation on the river.

There were a few law books, left in this old office, which I sometimes looked at with a vague sense of wonder and curiosity. In front of the office was a splendid oak tree, the pride of the village, perfectly symmetrical in form and massive in size. Next to my father's residence came Dr. John K. McIver[36] and then the retired little cottage of Mr. Elias Gregg, and on the hill beyond, the home of Dr. Thomas Smith. This was the limit of the village proper. More than a quarter of a mile from Dr. Smith and up on another high hill to the east of the road was the old Wilds residence, one of whose granddaughters married Dr. Bacot of Charleston and who lived there for a number of years. Following the main road south on the east was the Episcopal rectory and one or two small dwellings, and crossing a small branch, you came to the "Factory Lane" intersecting the road at right angles and running west. This lane led to another mill dam across Cedar Creek at the distance of less than half a mile. Before reaching the dam was the entrance to the house of Colonel John N. Williams,[37] the entrance flanked by two large brick pillars with

gateway between. Beyond the lane on the top of the next hill David Williams built the most imposing dwelling house of the neighborhood, and over against this on the Chesterfield side of the stream on another hill was the residence of Mr. John Witherspoon, son of old John D. David Williams and Mrs. John Witherspoon were the children of John N. Williams by his first marriage.

Society Hill might have been called Society Hills.

The homes of David Williams and John Witherspoon were more modern than the older ones of the neighborhood. As I grew up, these two homes, and also that of William H. Evans, who lived a couple of miles out of the village and who married a daughter of John D. Witherspoon, were the centres of much hospitality.

John Witherspoon was of larger frame than his father, and a man of splendid physique, with a frank open countenance, and cordial manners. Mrs. Witherspoon, his wife, was fond of books, and a great reader, (which her husband was not) and kept herself supplied with all the latest novels and magazines. She was very fond of my sister Louisa, whom she greatly admired, and my sister was much at their home. Mr. Witherspoon was devoted to music, and the girls, he was a fine horseman, and rode a grey mare called Fashion, which always looked her name. Mrs. David Williams[38] was a daughter of Governor Miller of Camden, and was a most charming and affable hostess. The hours I spent at the homes of Mr. Witherspoon and Mr. Williams, I count among the pleasantest recollections of my early years. Mrs. Joseph Ames of Baltimore and her sister Serena Williams were the daughters of David Williams.

Beyond Mr. Williams, and beyond the forks of the road, one of which led to Darlington C. House, and the other to Leavenworth and Camden was the residence of Mr. Caleb Coker[39], after he removed from the village.

The Coker children, the Williams children, the DuBose children and others from the neighborhood of Croly Hill and Centre Hall, as well as elsewhere, all walked to and from school, the distances varying from one to two miles and in some instances, double that. The Williams' had at one time a black Shetland pony of very unusual size with long shaggy mane and tail, which they would ride to school, as many as could get on, and then turn him loose to trot back home.

The "Factory" was so called because of an old cotton mill or factory, built by the father of Col. Williams, Governor D. R. Williams[40], at the end of the race connecting with the mill dam. The factory was with possibly the exception of another in Marlboro, the first of its kind in that part of the State. It was run with Negro labor and the product was a very ordinary class of cotton goods, and possibly some yarns which were shipped away. I do not think the experiment was profitable though it continued to be operated after I became a large boy. There was also a small mill for compressing the oil from the cotton seed, which is said to have been the very first experiment in that direction. That has now become an immense business through the country involving millions

of dollars of capital; but the Colonel, while regarded as the richest man in the State, outside of the City of Charleston, unless Gov. Aiken was richer, did not make his fortune by cotton factories or oil mills.

He possessed a large body of rich alluvial land and several plantations in Robbin's Neck. Probably he found planting cotton more profitable and less dismaying than manufacturing cotton, especially with the imperfect means of quick transportation. He like Judge Evans was a man of ponderous bulk. He always moved about in his own little carriage drawn by two horses. He was a man of most benevolent disposition and a kind neighbor. During my father's last lingering illness, he was a constant visitor at our house, and showed the greatest solicitude for his comfort.

During the early settlement of Society Hill, it must have been malarious and subject to a great deal of what was called bilious fever, which brought on long and desperate cases of illness. To avoid this many of the residents moved in the summer to a place in North Carolina called Rocky River about fifty miles away. But this was abandoned I think before I was born. The sandhills of Chesterfield were found with its rolling surface and limitless forests of pine to be safe and sanitary, and on those hills some miles distant from the village, where an unusually fine spring could be found, bubbling up through the pure sand, summer houses, mostly of pine logs notched together forming something like pens, and built in the rudest style, were scattered about.

Judge Evans' summer place six miles away was called Starpen, Col. Williams' two miles away in another direction, Oaky Hollow, the Sparks' more pretentious in architecture two miles away, and my grandfather's one of the plainest four miles away on the road to Cheraw. My grandfather after his house in the village was burned spent a number of winters here as well, with my Aunt Julia, the only remaining member of his family.

He was a great reader of books, as was my aunt, and every few days when the carriage made a trip to the village it would go back with a basket of books from the village circulating library[41], which stood on the Witherspoon lot just opposite the front gate. This collection contained several thousand volumes, embracing the Encyclopedia Brittanica, many standard works, books of travels and the novels of the time.

The collection was added to each year by subscription of the members, which included most everybody in the neighborhood. As I grew up, I read during the long summer days, a good many of the books, but as I exercised my own sweet will in the choice of subjects, it was not so profitable as it ought to have been. My grandfather I recall, when I would be staying at the summer house read late at night and by a tallow candle with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and as I am given to the same thing so far as the hat goes, I suppose it is a real instance of heredity, for I am not conscious of trying to copy.

The first thing in the early morning at daybreak or sun up my grandfather's powerful voice could be heard calling, "March", the coachman who slept a couple of hundred yards away, to get up.

This old "summer house", as it was called, is associated with many pleasant days. After breakfast in the morning "Paddy", a safe and pacing animal was brought to the steps with a side saddle for one of the ladies to ride out among the pines and get the fresh morning air. All the ladies rode I believe except my mother. My grandmother, who was frail and delicate, would sometimes mount, and I recollect on several occasions being put up behind her and grasping her round the waist as we rode off among the pines. On one occasion my grandfather invited me to go with him to his plantation several miles off. I was provided a separate horse, and we started off. I soon found my horse had to trot to keep up with my grandfather's, which was a pacer, and as the trot was rough, and I was jolted freely, I was soon very sore and tired, but I was too proud to complain and on we went. After riding about his plantation, he told me to remain at a certain spot and wait while he was gone to another point. I waited long and he did not return, I became very much alarmed and thought I was lost. But I had to play Casablanca, because I did not know where to go. At last he returned when I was in a state of wild terror. I got home dead tired and worn out, and the memory of that day has never left me.

The attraction of the "summer house" was a beautiful spring which gushed out in a bold stream at the base of the hill on which the house stood, and which needed no ice. The water as it left the spring ran into a bath house, but the trouble was it was too cold to bathe in comfortably.

Next to the spring in importance worked Maum Nancy, the cook, a person of large dimensions as most good cooks are, good natured and never tired of supplying the children with unlimited quantities of waffles. Her children were our playmates. Her husband was an imported African, not owned by my grandfather, and who retained his original name Quaco. Old Nancy marrying the pure African whose lingo was hard to understand, was an illustration of the instinct of the race to hark back to the wild.

Family reunions were frequent during the summer, at the summer home. Mother would be driven up in the big carriage with nurse and children, in time I had a pony and would ride him; my Uncle who lived at Rock Spy on the road to Cheraw, newly married, would appear with Aunt Charlotte[42] in a gig, and by dinner time, or in time for the watermelon cutting my father would appear. The light, sandy soil of Chesterfield raised watermelons of the finest quality, the orchard was full of luscious peaches and grapes, and the sweet potato flourished in all its varieties. Stripping the vines from the latter, with make believe harness and whips, the

children would run each other over the premises, while the older folk were engaged more quietly on the piazza or in the wide hall which ran through the house.

Between the "summer house" and Society Hill, two families lived near the road, one a Mrs. Douglas, with a handsome daughter and four stalwart sons, the youngest of whom I went to school with. The other family was a Mr. Linton[43], a plain old hard working man who owned several Negroes, and had two sons, Sandy[44] and a half crazy boy known as "Jim O'Linton." Sandy was a character. He always addressed my grandfather as Mr. Grag, and spoke of my uncle much to the family's disgust, as "Sandy Grag." He was good natured, * * * * * * * , and given to drink. When under the influence of liquor, it was his delight to run his pony up and down the street in front of the stores, yelling like an Indian.

My father seemed to be the only person he stood in awe of, and if he was about, Sandy would clear out. One of his traits which attracted the boys was the marvelous stories he told. He had a wonderful vocabulary for one who had no education, and an ardent imagination which enabled him to rival Baron Munchausen in his stories. When he told these he accompanied them with a solemn manner and grave expression which would mystify those of his hearers who did not know him. The crazy brother was really harmless, and went at large, but a crazy person was a rare occurrence in those days, and in the imaginations of children and nurses he was an object of unspeakable terror. During my early visits to the "summer

house" a mile beyond Mr. Linton's, my Aunt Julia[45], who was fond of practical jokes, would disappear from the house, and then emerge from the pine woods around disguised and pretending to be Jim O'Linton, in search of bad children. The effect was nearly to frighten me out of my wits.

Between the "summer house" and Cheraw, the road ran over a succession of sand hills, where the sand was four to six inches thick, until Juniper Creek was reached. It took its name from the heavy growth of juniper along the banks and in the stream. The "Natives", that is the piney woods people, who as a rule were wretchedly poor living in cabins and huts not so good as the Negroes often occupied, with a little patch around fenced in with poles, and perhaps a corn and potato patch beyond, made quite a business of converting the juniper into tubs and buckets and other [things] which they disposed of in Cheraw and Society Hill, and some of which was very creditable work.

Juniper Creek had always clear limpid water, while that of Thompson's Creek, only a few yards distant, was always yellow and muddy. The first was crossed by a ford, and it was a common thing to have the water run through the floor of the carriage and the occupants have to jump up on the seats. But this was great excitement, and even if the water did not get in, driving into and through the stream was always the incident to be looked forward to in a trip to Cheraw.

Thompson's Creek was a much larger stream and crossed by a bridge with a considerable summit on one side, and when freshets occurred, and the carriage had to pass through a long stretch of water on the road, the passage was not without danger. Crossing them on the way to Cheraw was always an incident of much interest, which was heightened to the children by moments of some hair breath escapes, and one or two fatal accidents. Nearby this stream lived a family of Ellerbe's, Old Zack and several grown sons who were hard drinkers and turbulent characters, and who frequently disturbed the peace of Cheraw, but those excursions did not extend to so quiet a place as Society Hill. Cheraw boasted a bank and two hotels, and my father made frequent visits there in the busy season, as the purchase of quantities of cotton required a constant supply of money for that purpose, and I have known him frequently to leave home in the morning before day, transact his business in Cheraw, 15 miles away, and be at home before noon, always driving in a light high wheeled sulky. The highway from Cheraw to Society Hill, and thence to Darlington and into Charleston was the route for the U. S. Mail, and an old fashioned stage coach ran three times a week to carry passengers and the mail.

As happens everywhere, the approach of the stage was heralded by a toot of the horn, and then the driver gathering up his reins would affect a dash of speed while he passed through the village. The stage was withdrawn at an early period and put on a

line between Cheraw and Camden, and then persons traveling north would go to Cheraw to take the stage. The old stagecoach with its four horses was seen from that time no more in the streets of Society Hill, and the U. S. Mail was degraded to the transport of a two, and finally a one horse buggy, until the advent of the railroad.

I am tempted to interrupt the sequence of my narrative, at this point, to note the fact that I am at this writing, the 16th day of March nineteen hundred and ten, seventy-four years of age and it may be a little interesting to state where I am and what I am doing. I am on the 6th floor of the Washington Apartment House, where my wife and myself have a suite of three rooms, overlooking the Statue of Chief Justice Taney in the square below, and in full view of Washington's Monument in the center of the City of Baltimore. This same monument I climbed with my father to the top of, when as a boy about twelve years old I accompanied him on one of his annual trips to New York, and stopped over here at Barnum's Hotel, then the Hostelry of the City and frequently referred to by John Quincy Adams in his autobiography as a favorite stopping place for travelers in the early years of that century going by stage and water from New York to Washington. When we looked out from over the balustrade at the monument's top, the scene then was very different from what it is now, and all to the north where there are now miles of houses and streets was almost an unbroken wood.

How little we know of the future and what is in store for us. I have now been a resident of Maryland nearly forty-two years, during all of which time I have been assiduously engaged in the practice of law, and am still not well [off] enough to be able to retire.

Last week I was trying a damage suit, which ran from Thursday to the following Monday. Tuesday I went to Washington on behalf of the State Bar Association, of which I happen to be president, to engage an orator for the annual meeting in July and my purpose was to extend an invitation to Mr. Elihu Root, Senator from the State of New York and late Secretary of State under Mr. Roosevelt, to deliver the address on the occasion referred to. Mr. Root it seems, was in New York trying to straighten out some of the political entanglements in which the leaders of his party are at present involved, and we missed seeing him. I availed of the opportunity, however, to attend the session of the Supreme Court which is now engaged hearing argument in the Standard Oil case, the argument having begun Monday and continuing three days. I heard the concluding portion of Mr. Kellogg's argument for the government, and the opening of Watson's reply for the defendant. Mr. Kellogg, who has achieved much reputation as a "Trust Buster" was a distinct disappointment.

The court interrupted him to ask a number of questions which seemed to cause him much embarrassment; among other questions he was asked to state what was a monopoly at common law. I am not often in that august tribunal, but it happens that I have always been rather impressed that the advocates were ordinary men, and that you often hear stronger arguments at home before our ordinary courts.

This day, with my son, I began the defense of another damage suit, which will continue some days, so that I may be said to be still in tolerably active practice, and after getting through Court, I have taken my birthday dinner with my son and his wife and my little grandson Rieman, being reminded of the other members of my family in Richmond by receiving from them a handsome box full of beautiful carnations.

In looking back over this long stretch of time, I am conscious of having made many mistakes, and I regret that as I cannot leave my children much in the way of worldly goods, I cannot bequeath them the fruit of my long and varied experience. But this everyone has to acquire for himself. I have missed opportunities of making money which I regret, and I have foolishly lost money which would have [made] me comfortable, which I regret still more, but I regret most of all perhaps, that I did not cultivate and make friends in many instances when I might have done so, who would have

been not only useful in a business way, but added largely to my enjoyment and pleasure. I have always been reserved by nature, and I have never succeeded in throwing it off, so as to be able to extend the "glad hand" to whoever was in reach.

My prejudices have been strong, sometimes unreasonable, and oftentimes as I afterwards discovered, mistaken. To be able to form a correct judgment of other men, is one of the happiest faculties a man can possess. I have not always been fortunate in this respect, and I have not infrequently discovered that I have gone wide of the mast in the opinions formed of people with whom I had business or social relations. But for all that one should beware of prejudice. We often lay too much stress on trifles, and misconceive motives. The best course is for a man to keep his mind always open and free to the perception of truth, and he will be all the happier, if he declines to believe all the evil which is told him, and is willing to think well of his fellows, when appearances may be against them.

The earliest of my recollections, to which I can assign a certain date, was the building of a new and bigger house on plan of the old one, in which I was born March 16, 1836.

The new house was begun shortly before my second younger brother Edward was born, and as I was four years his senior, I must have been about four years old at that time.

I remember the huge timbers, as they lay on the ground, and the carpenters toiling over them and fitting them together preparatory to being raised. It comes back to me too, as I sat on the stairs in the old house, on a certain day, and looked out through the falling rain at the piles of material, scattered about, and the drone of the nurse's lullaby reached me from an adjoining room. Why some trifling and unimportant things should become indelibly fastened on the memory, and others of great importance elude the utmost efforts we make to recall them is something nobody can tell and which everyone I imagine has sometime experienced. Houses were built very differently then from what they are now, the timbers were massive and held together by mortier and tenant, without the use of spikes and nails. The new house was set high above the ground, so as to afford perfect ventilation, affording a fine playground in bad weather for the children to play at hide and seek around the innumerable pillars, though I do not suppose the children's amusement was part of the design. The timbers laid on those pillars formed a perfect network overhead, and were covered with a thick coating of resin for their preservation. I have no doubt that they are as sound today as when placed there.

The new house which was planned and constructed under the direct supervision of my father was vastly more comfortable and decidedly more pretentious than the old one. A broad piazza

extended across the front and part of the way on either side, while a spacious hall ran through the center with doors at either end.

The hall in summer was the coolest place in the house, and was a favorite resort at midday being filled with chairs and lounges. In winter it was correspondingly cold, and as stoves and furnaces were unknown, it was like taking an ice bath to pass through it from one part of the house to another. The parlor and dining room of equal size were entered from opposite sides of the hall, one window in each opening to the floor on the side piazza, and each connecting also with a sleeping room which formed the extension of the piazza. Back of the parlor on the left of the hall and opening into it was also a bedroom. On the other side of the hall was the stairway, and back of the dining room was a large pantry and storeroom and closets. The kitchen and laundry were detached and reached by a brick wall.

The general effect of the house when viewed from the front was diminished by the fact that the second story and attic appeared small, in comparison with the first story, which seemed relatively too much spread out, but was very attractive with its broad piazza and white columns.

The parlor furniture was of mahogany, the divans and sofas specially made to fit the spaces in the walls, with chairs and tables to match. On one side of the house was a flower garden,

and on the other one for the kitchen, approached by steps from the side piazza. In the back yard were a number of large sycamores and oaks, our delight as children in playing base. On one side of the yard was the kitchen and laundry, on the other side a huge smokehouse, with a dry dairy standing under one of the sycamores between them. The well stood near one corner of the house. It was very deep and the water was raised by buckets passing over a wheel. Long troughs carried it through the edge of the garden to the stable and cow yard beyond.

The main street of the village ran not quite a hundred yards in front of the house. A wide graveled walk extended from the street to the house with a circular driveway for carriages.

Outside the driveway on either side and over-running the fence was a luxuriant growth of the cherokee rose, which gave a very animated effect to the landscape when in blossom. A few other trees including elms and a fine old walnut, with a row of cedars along the street, filled out the front grounds, together with some mock oranges on either side the walk.

My father's special effort, however, was to have a lawn. The sandy soil together with the climate made this no easy job. But, by dint of much deep and careful fertilizing, opening trenches in places hid far in depth, and filling them with root, earth

and manure, he succeeded in getting a beautiful setting of Bermuda grass, which gave him great satisfaction and was the pride of the neighborhood. There were no lawn mowers in those days, and the grass was kept down by having the horses "held to grass." It was great fun to get on the horses bare back, while they nibbled the grass.

I started to school when I was little more than five years of age, largely I think to be company for my sister who had preceded me. The exercises of the St. David's Academy[46] had been transferred from the building originally designed for it near the Baptist Church to a more central location, on a road which connected the Old Darlington Road, with the New Darlington Road, and two or three hundred yards distant from the latter, in the rear of Mr. Witherspoon's lot, and on the edge of quite an extensive forest. The building was rather a roomy one, with a large platform or stage opposite the entrance, on which the teacher sat, with a smaller room in rear, which opened on a piazza, and beyond this was the playground, a cleared space large enough to play marbles, or the game of ball then in vogue, and around and on the edge of the cleared space were a number of tall pines on one side, and patches of oak on the other. The walls of the rooms were finished in wood, and contained many devices in the way of pictures and words. One of the former looking like a half drunken

sailor, on a sort of rocking horse appealed strongly to my imagination, and I have never been able to efface it. My first day at school was a trying one. I am not sure whether I cried or not. I have a vivid impression that I was extremely unhappy and that I required all the moral support which my sister could give me. It is hard to realize now what a shrinking sensitive child I was. But I have never altogether been able to overcome it. I have always shrunk from meeting or walking up to a crowd or a number of persons when I had to speak to them. My school days were not altogether lovely. I got on fairly well with my lessons, but either from a combative nature, or the general disposition of boys to fight, I was involved in numerous unpleasantness.

Some of these were induced I think by my brother James[47], who was more combative than I was, and who got into many little "affairs", and being the older brother and bound to see that he was not imposed on, I not infrequently became involved myself. But, whether I came out second best or not, I was sure to get a whipping afterwards from the teacher, if he heard of it, that being a thing like the laws of the Medes and the Persians. One of these combatants of mine, was a fellow who lived out of the village and whose size must have been almost double mine, and with whom I was forced to have several encounters. He was a large

beefy chap, greatly my superior in strength, and I am sure I should have been badly worsted, but for the interference of the other boys who thought the contest too unequal. Another of my tormentors not so large and powerful, but a great bully, and who was constantly domineering over me or my brother, I successfully tackled when I could stand it no longer, and after that I had peace. It seemed to be the irony of fate, that years afterwards, when the civil war came on, my quondam schoolmate and old time bully should greatly to my surprise enlist in my Company. He proved to be in a different way as troublesome as before. He was always playing sick, and the most heroic and drastic treatment the surgeon could impose on him was unsuccessful in driving him from the hospital and forcing him on duty. I do not think he was ever in a fight, and I was glad when he succeeded in getting detailed for some position which would take him out of the field. The large boys in the school were utilized for various purposes. The water pail was kept filled by sending a couple of boys with it to the well on the adjoining lot of Mr. Witherspoon, whence it was toted on a pole swung between them. If the fuel supplied by the patrons for the two open fireplaces ran short, the boys were sent into the forest to bring in large armfuls of brush; and when punishment was to be meted out, some one or more boys had to go out to bring in a number of long pliant switches usually hickories.

When I entered the school, the boys were accustomed to sit on one side of the room and the girls on the other, all on hard wooden benches ranged behind low desks of equal length, and divided into compartments, which held the books, slates, slate pencils and whatever other furniture a boy might have, including lunch or dinner for those who came a long distance. There were two sessions, morning and afternoon, with a long recess, during which the teacher and the villagers went home to dinner.

One bench in front of the platform was reserved for the reciting class, the recitations of each class being in the presence of the whole school. The spelling classes too, took in the whole school, and were graded to suit the capacity of the pupils. In winter permission was given on request to leave one's seat, and stand in front of the fire to get warm. The small room behind the stage was reserved for the large boys. Under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Sheldon, a most capable teacher who came from New England, the school was large and flourishing. Boys came for quite a distance to get the benefit of his instruction and these boarded in the village. At one time an opposition school was opened in the lecture room of the Baptist Church by a Doctor Auld, and great rivalry existed between the two. Friday afternoons were always devoted to declaiming pieces on the stage, the girls taking their turn and repeating passages of poetry.

At the close of the term, the examinations which lasted several days, were conducted publicly in the presence of the patrons of the school, and they were invited to propound questions to the different classes, on the subjects of examination. At the end of these exercises prizes were distributed to the most proficient and those who stood head.

As the climax to all, and on the last day, came the declamations. The smallest boy was always expected to say "You'd never expect one of my age," and I have not entirely forgotten when that lot fell to me, and I went through the familiar words with my father and mother looking me in the face. On one or two occasions the exercises assumed a more ambitious character, and dialogues were rehearsed by the large scholars, the girls participating in some of them, but I was too small at the time to take a hand.

My classmate and closest companion as we grew up was my neighbor John K. McIver[48], a few months my senior, and who was always a little ahead of me in our studies. He had an excellent mind and I often envied him when he would master his Latin and Greek and close his book before me.

After the Williams' boys went off to school, John K. and I remained, and then he too went off to the Furman University and I was left to pursue my studies alone. About this time the school fell off greatly in numbers, many families having moved out of the

neighborhood, and Mr. Evander McIver Griffin[49] on graduating from the South Carolina College was invited to take charge of the Academy. My relations with him were rather like those of a companion than a pupil.

I prepared my lessons during the day, and would go to his room at night and then go over them with him.

He was not a Dr. Arnold, but he was exceedingly kind and helpful, and gave me the best assistance he could and I always felt grateful to him for it. He prepared me to enter the Sophomore Class of the South Carolina College, which I did in 1852 at the age of seventeen.

I want to go back now and say a word or two more about some of the members of my family. Up to this time, I have scarcely mentioned my mother[50], but it is not because she did not occupy the highest place in my regard and affection. She was a most devoted and attentive mother, and seemed to live for her children. She was so quiet and her tastes so simple, that her chief pleasure seemed to be in the bosom of her family. During the summer, Saturdays were usually spent at my grandfather's summer place, and my mother and our nurse Maum Lucy with the children would start soon after breakfast in the large family carriage, swung on old fashioned springs and with a wide seat in front for the driver where one or two of the smaller ones could sit beside him. I galloped alongside as soon as I was big enough to ride on a bay pony which my father gave me, and he would put in an appearance later in time for dinner.

As poor as those sand hills were, they produced sweet potatoes and watermelons of the finest and in great profusion.

Any number of melons cold from the spring house would be brought up and served in half or quarter portions, and sometimes almost destroy the capacity for enjoying Old Nanny's famous dishes. My grandmother Gregg[51] died before the village residence was burned. She was as I recollect her something of an invalid, but as gentle and patient as could be. I used to go home with her sometimes from church on Sunday. On one of those Sundays I met with a laughable accident. My father had brought me from New York quite a pretty and highly embroidered brown suit, coat and trousers all together. I was quite a child. While waiting for dinner, I went down the back steps into the yard; and a large dog which ordinarily knew me very well, failed to recognize me in my new fixing, and jumping on me rolled me over and over in the dirt spoiling my new suit. I can still remember my grandmother's great distress over the occurrence. My grandmother and her daughters including my mother were, I suppose, as fond as ladies generally were of dress, for they all dressed nicely, but my grandfather had rather peculiar ideas on the subject of dress. He usually wore brogan shoes, and his clothes which were made at home were large and loose fitting, large side flaps to his coat, and his hat broad brimmed and low crowned. I don't think he would have known himself in a high silk hat. He had no toleration for "style" so called and

fashion. I have heard an odd story told, illustrative of this, though I do not vouch the truth of it in its entirety.

The ladies of that day, when they drove out, usually had a footman who stood on a seat behind the carriage holding on to two straps. My grandmother Gregg, the story goes, had a nice suit of clothes made for this footman, a half grown boy probably, with a considerable tail to the coat, instead of a round jacket.

My grandfather spying him one day as the carriage returned, looked up a pair of large sharp shears, and calling the boy whacked off the skirts of the coat below the waist.

He had the strictest sense of what was fair between man and man. Having purchased a horse once for a sum less than what the owner first asked for it, and finding the animal on trial better than he expected, he offered the next time he met the owner to pay him the difference. He and his brother Elias[52] were both men of rather massive frame and strong, almost ruggest cast of features, at the same time they were both handsome, Mr. Elias Gregg strikingly so. Uncle Elias was an old bachelor and in his latter years was to me a pathetic figure.

Unlike my grandfather, he had had a college education, was possessed of refined tastes, had a low gentle voice, and was always extremely well dressed, but from the time I knew him, he lived a lonely isolated life. The story went that he met with a disappointment in love in early life, from the effects of which he never recovered, and which soured his life. With the regularity of the clock, he passed along the street in front of our house four times

a day, going to and from his quiet little home to his store in the heart of the village. In winter he wore a long blue cloak, of fine material, which hung in ample folds from his shoulders, and which he gathered in his arms, as he strode along with measured tread looking neither to right nor left. His grave and stately manner would have become a Roman Senator, and I don't believe any Roman Senator ever wore his togo with more quiet dignity than did "Uncle Elias" his cloak.

He was supposed to have been a moderately successful merchant, and his goods always of superlative quality, but business had long since left him, and save when some gentleman would come in and engage him for a time with a game at backgammon, he sat in his store during the day as lonely as when he returned to his home with no one but his colored cook and a waiting man. I never knew anyone to visit him, and I never knew him to visit anyone, and I never recollect him as a guest at my grandfather's table, although he was said to be engaging in conversation. If it was possible for him to be fond of anyone, it must have been of my uncle, whom he made his Executor. His Will gave all his property to the two daughters of his brother James Gregg of Columbia, a disposition which met the approval of all the family at Society Hill. Some years before those two ladies made a visit to the neighborhood and tried to show the old gentleman some attention, which he doubtless appreciated. Between him and the boys at school, there waged a constant

warfare. The old gentleman was fond of some grey squirrels which frequented his lot, and he cultivated too the presence of birds; but these were targets for the boys in his absence, and he would return to find to his annoyance and dismay that his premises had been invaded and his pets either killed or chased away.

When he passed away, a handsome burial case was found lying in the hall, but when or how it got there no one could tell. Thus ended what seemed a useless, almost an ignoble life, and one which under different conditions might have been marked by great success.

One of the most important figures in the little world of Society Hill was Dr. Thomas Smith, who married the Widow Wilds, or as we called her, Grandmother Smith. The doctor was below medium height, but had a fairly good sized frame, on which the flesh seemed to hang loosely, his hands were softer than a woman's, and his gait with just a little shuffle was almost noiseless. In spite of this he was a bundle of energy, and almost up to the last of a very long life, he continued to ride horseback, going to one of his plantations six miles distant in the forenoon, and to another not so far in the afternoon of the same day. Probably this was a sort of second nature to him, as the physicians of that day always practiced on horseback taking their medicines along in small saddle bags. The doctor must have had a large and lucrative practice, as he was the owner of three plantations, two in the pinelands, and one on the

river, all the fruits of professional labor, which enabled him to retire from active practice. When the scarlet fever broke out in the family, the children were all seized, and were in a fair way of recovery but myself. Dr. Williams[53] was attending us. My father was away in New York. He arrived home either in the night or very early morning, and as soon as he saw me he sent for Dr. Smith. I don't know what etiquette then prevailed, or how it was managed, but in a very short time, Dr. Smith was at the bedside. I must have been quite ill, there was considerable dropsical tendency, and I was a long time convalescing. I can still almost taste the chicken broth, and the gruel which my mother would bring me prepared with her own hands when I began to get better, and the sweet smell of the outside air when I could sit up at an open window is almost as fresh as if it were yesterday.

Dr. Smith came to see me every day, and under his careful guidance I got well, I think the old gentleman always was fond of me after that early experience. He continued afterwards, though he had retired, to do whatever physicking the family required, and he was most assiduous in attention to my father in his last illness. The doctor had at some time in his life paid a visit to Cuba, which he was in the habit of referring to, and this gave me the impression that he was a wonderfully traveled man. Besides his medical, he had quite a large collection of miscellaneous books, and I presume he was on the whole the best read and generally informed person in the neighborhood. For a long time he was one of the trustees of

the South Carolina College, and generally attended the commencement exercises. Through the eastern portion of the State he was looked up to as a leading citizen, and a man to be consulted with on important political occasions. His appearance was neither commanding or impressing. He had a large round head and for a long while wore a brown wig; when this was discarded, it was discovered he was entirely bald. He had a large forehead, oval face, always clean shaven[54], and badly marked with smallpox, prominent nose with small bright eyes, and little or no eyebrows or eyelashes to protect them. His expression, however, was mild and benevolent and his manner in the sick room quiet and reassuring. Like several of the other gentlemen in the neighborhood, including my father, grandfather and Mr. Elias Gregg, he entertained with them an inveterate prejudice against the use of tobacco in any form. Any young man who smoked or chewed tobacco was regarded as no good.

An amusing instance of Dr. Smith's prejudice about tobacco, and how it was deferred to, was told me by the doctor's granddaughters or adopted daughters, on a certain occasion when Dr. Thornwell[55], the President of the S. C. College was spending a night with the family, the young ladies hearing a noise out on the shed roof after the family had retired, looked out to ascertain the cause, and discovered that the learned college president had scrambled from

his window onto the shed, and was quietly enjoying a cigar, which he forebore displaying before the doctor and shocking his prejudices. Dr. Smith and my father were entirely agreed on politics, and their friendship continued unbroken to the last. He was, I suppose, my father's closest friend after Dr. John K. McIver. The latter as soon as my father completed a clerkship with Mr. Elias Gregg and attained his majority, offered to advance the money and go into the mercantile business with my father as a partner.

It seems that the mercantile business and the planting business were closely allied, and the store and plantation were ordinary adjuncts to each other. This had been the case with old Adam Marshall at Long Bluff, and was continued by Mr. John F. Wilson, Alexander Sparks, my grandfather Gregg, Dr. McIver, Mr. Coker and others, at Society Hill.

In addition to supplying the wants of the plantations in the neighborhood, the merchants carried on a large trade with what was called the back country. The small farmers from a distance of twenty miles or more, in the fall of the year hauled their crops chiefly of cotton to Society Hill and disposed of them for cash or for goods in barter.

This required the merchants to have not only large supplies of all sorts of stores, to give in exchange, but a large amount of ready money to pay in cash. It also led to an extensive system of credits, and involved accurate bookkeeping.

My father and Dr. McIver must have made money rapidly, after a few years my father bought out the doctor's interest and continued the business for a number of years. At Dr. McIver's death, my father as Executor, took charge of the Estate and continued to manage two plantations for a number of years, until the doctor's children were grown, keeping minute accounts of all family and plantation expenditures and giving them as much careful attention and personal supervision as if they were his own.

After my mother's marriage, father rented or worked for several years a part of my grandfather's upland plantation about five miles from Society Hill, but before very many years, he purchased a plantation adjoining my grandfather's of about 1000 acres which was subsequently added to.

The old Davis place, as it was known when my father bought it, had been hardly used, and the improvements, that is, the barn, stable, gin house and negro quarters were in bad condition. My father's energy was soon conspicuous in revolutionizing the place. The old settlement was abandoned, and a new one selected half a mile from the old and near the public road. The new settlement was regularly laid off, first the overseer's house, and then a long row of comfortable cabins, all in line at equal distances apart, and a patch behind each for a garden.

In front of the cabins was a double row of oaks and elms which soon grew and made a fine shade, besides being beautiful in themselves. This row must have been half a mile in length, each house and family having plenty of room to themselves. Opposite the overseer's house at distance of fifty yards was the gin house and screw. Beyond these cow stable, and sheds, and then large barnyard, and a large commodious barn; all new out and out. On entering from the road, the overseer's house and negro quarters were on one side and the other buildings opposite, with a long open space between through the middle of which the drive ran. About fifty acres were devoted to a peach orchard and plum and apple trees, and for many years when the trees began to bear, the peaches were in the greatest abundance and of the choicest varieties. In addition, substantial fences were erected, a blacksmith shop put up, and ditches almost deep enough for canals cut through the ridges to drain the intervening lands.

In the fall of the year when the cotton picking season was at its height, I would occasionally go with my father to see the cotton baskets hauled in at sunset from the fields to the gin house to be weighed. Each basket had a tag with the name of the picker. They would be greatly interested in the day's work to see how much each one picked. Those who had the highest weights would receive commendation, and at the end of the season a liberal reward; those

who fell short of what was considered a fair weight, would be admonished they must do better. The best pickers were usually the young women.

Another interesting performance which I sometimes [watched] was hog killing. After the hogs had the run of the corn field or pea field, they were taken up and kept in a number of rail pens, and fed with all they could eat of corn, a large part of which would be boiled in immense kettles and fed cooked to the hogs. As soon as the weather was thought to be cold enough, and that was always a question which caused much mental perturbation to all concerned, the kettles were made ready with boiling water, and as night closed in, the slaughter began. First, one expert with the axe would jump into the pen, and with a well aimed blow in the forehead, and a quick grunt from the pig, all was over. A minute more, a sharp knife was thrust in the throat, and then the body was lifted out to be soused with hot water, cleaned, hung up, and opened.

I think about 100 hogs was considered a good crop. The killing was not all at once, but covered three or four times.

It was a great frolic for the negroes, and as the whole plantation gathered to help or look on, when night closed, and there were a number of bonfires going, it presented a very lovely spectacle. A great part of what did not go into bacon was given out to the negroes, so that it was regarded as a great feast time with them.

Beside "Daddy Sam", who died before I was grown, my father owned two carpenters "Noah Watson", the husband of "Maum Lucy" who was the nurse to all the children, and to whom we were all very much devoted, and "Tom Postele" the husband of my father's seamstress, Marion. Both of these men were respectable house carpenters, and put up the buildings on the plantation and were also pretty fair wheelwrights and made the carts and wagons used on the plantation. Their families occupied frame houses on the rear portion of the lot at Society Hill.

When I had fairly learned how to handle a gun, my ambition was to kill a wild turkey. Quite a number of these frequented the hills on the Chesterfield side of the creek, and when the strutting season commenced, Daddy Sam, who crossed the creek in the evening back of the house going to his home, would mark the turkeys as they flew up to their roost.

The next morning, before day he would return and calling me out of bed we would each with a gun proceed to the roosting ground and endeavor to get a shot before the birds left the roost at the approach of day. If unsuccessful in this he would construct blinds, and calling them by the use of a hollow bone, toll them in reach of the blind.

They are the most wary of all wild birds, and it required a large amount of patience and skill to entice them within gunshot,

and our success was very limited, but I had the experience of some very cold mornings, and an opportunity of cultivating the sportsman's taste. The guns which I first learned to handle were of the old flintlock muzzle loading type. Mine was a light fowling piece and Daddy Sam's a double barrel blunderbuss, more almost than I could carry. When I first came into possession of a little gun with percussion caps, I was extremely proud of it, and the small birds and gray squirrels in the neighborhood suffered badly. My father bought for himself a handsome double barrel percussion loader, but he was always too busy to indulge in sport, and as a special favor I was allowed at times to take out and use this gun.

I never really was anything of a shot, especially on the wing; my greatest success as a marksman was with a pretty little silver mounted sporting rifle, with which I brought down squirrels from the tops of the tallest trees.

Some years after the purchase of the Davis plantation, to which my father gave the name of "Horse Branch" from the fact that the stream of that name had its source in the very heart of the plantation, he purchased from Mr. Peter McIver[56] and others a large body of land between two and three thousand acres lying on Cedar Creek about three miles distant from Horse Branch and

about seven miles from Society Hill, on the road leading to Camden. This tract was largely in timber mostly pine, and on it was an old mill seat and dam, which had gone into disuse. A large portion of the negroes were transferred from Horse Branch to this place. My grandfather Gregg's death added a considerable number of Negroes, as my mother's share, to those already in possession of the family and it became necessary to provide additional land for their labor and support.

The Cedar Creek land was thin and poor, and required much draining and clearing and fencing which was energetically undertaken. The saw mill was rebuilt, and one or more oxteams put to work hauling logs to the mill, but the dam was an endless source of trouble and always springing leaks about the floodgates, which were difficult to repair. A grist mill was also added to the enterprise, chiefly for the accommodation of the two plantations, and when I subsequently undertook the management of affairs, I had a short canal constructed leading from the dam on which was erected a cotton gin to run by water power, and nearby the accompanying "Cotton Screw" or "Press."

The cotton press consisted of a stout wooden box quite deep to which the loose cotton was taken up a short flight of steps and pressed down first by a couple of men, then the sliding lid was put in place, and the pressure continued by an immense wooden screw twenty-five to thirty feet in length which ran through four heavy

timbers called nuts, and the arms of the screw extending like the letter A were dragged around by a mule hitched to either end of the arm. The construction of the screw was a rather nice piece of work to enable it to follow easily the grooves in the "nuts," and they were usually "cut" by some skilled workman (white) in the neighborhood. Finding it necessary on one occasion to replace the old screw with a new one, and being unable to get hold of a suitable man for the job, I set the two carpenters "Noah" and "Tom" to work to construct one. They made several attempts, but as the nuts had to consist of four timbers bolted together, they were unable to make them fit. In the emergency, I undertook the direction myself, and was quite proud when I laid off and marked out the grooves, in the nut, and the thread upon the screw, and found when put together they worked perfectly. As I have always since been very dull in understanding machines, I have wondered at my success in this instance. At this time when my father's failing health compelled me to look after his business, my college course being over, it was my habit several days in the week to visit the two plantations both the same day, going alternately to one in the forenoon and from there to the other direct about three miles distant in the afternoon, and getting a midday lunch of plain corn cake, fresh butter and milk at the Cedar Creek place, where "Lottie" a neat tidy woman, the wife of the colored foreman always had it

ready for me, and which I greatly preferred to the fare with the overseer at Horse Branch. I usually made these visits on horseback, and was consequently almost the entire day in the saddle. Sometimes, however, and if the weather was very bad I went in an open buggy.

When I left the South Carolina College on graduating in December of 1855, I returned home to find my father's health shattered. He died in the fall of 1858. He was born in the year 1800, and therefore, at the time of his death was not an old man, but his incessant activities and exhaustless energy proved to be more than his constitution could endure. He never spared himself in anything that he undertook. After a day of incessant toil, he would devote the most of his evenings, to his counting room and his accounts. The administration of Dr. McIver's Estate, his own planting operations, of which he kept strict and accurate accounts, and the supervision of the books in his mercantile enterprises, although he had a bookkeeper, kept him at his desk often late at night, and undermined his health.

My father was not indifferent, however, to his social duties and relations. He was excessively fond of his children, and greatly enjoyed their society and afforded them every indulgence.

Occasionally he would in summer, take a day off, and if we did not all go to the plantation, or the summer house, we would

visit a mineral spring some miles distant near Parnell's mill[57] pond, and spend the day fishing, with a basket lunch, the appetite for which would be greatly heightened by drinking the mineral spring water.

While my father had not the time for reading very many books, and although his early education was somewhat limited, he possessed a large fund of general information and his conversation was easy and fluent and graceful. He was besides the "Charleston Mercury", the leading organ of the Calhoun Democracy in the State, a constant reader of the "National Intelligencer", the organ of the Whig party, and published in Washington by two very able men, Messrs. Gales and Seaton.

This paper came tri-weekly and after being read was filed away. The papers were neatly folded and filed according to their dates, and each year tied in a separate bundle. These again were packed away in dry goods boxes, and the files ran from the time of his majority or thereabouts without interruption to the period when the "Southern Press" was started in its place a few years before the war. These boxes of papers were stowed away in the garret of the house where they remained until Sherman's raid turned everything upside down, and they were scattered and lost. When I returned home, there was nothing. I regretted more in the general

destruction than the loss of this file, because of their intrinsic value, and because of the place they held in my father's regard.

Father, to the last, wrote a most excellent hand, and expressed himself with great fluency and care.

I have often wished that I inherited his clear legible hand and the ease with which he wrote.

I do not think I am prompted by filial piety or partiality in saying that father possessed an unusually vigorous mind, with a broad and comprehensive understanding.

He had administrative capacity of the first order, and under different and more favorable environments, I am sure his talents and capacity would have attracted wide and general attention. Among his friends in my boyhood days, was General John McQueen[58], our M.C. in Washington for a number of years. There existed at that time in South Carolina what were known as "Military Encampments" held every few years in which the militia sometimes of two or three counties would be assembled in camp for several days for drill and instruction.

The militia were not in uniform, but the Regimental Brigade and Division Commanders with their large staffs would appear in gorgeous uniforms, and these with a brass band would form a great attraction, when the dress parades came off in the afternoon, and would be attended by a large concourse of all the gentry of the neighborhood. I recollect on one of these occasions when the

encampment was held in an old field[59], near Society Hill, the carriages filled with ladies were drawn up one side of the field, and after the exercises were over, seeing my father, who was on the staff of General McQueen, gallop across the field, up to the carriage where my mother was, and lifting his hat and plume, give us a salute.

I thought it was grand, and thepicture made an indelible impression on me. In this connection and as showing the nascent military spirit at an early age, I recollect what a pleasure it was when I found a certain closet open in the house, to steal in and feel and handle a buckskin vest with brass buttons, and the cocked hat which was part of my father's uniform. In addition to these there were several ponderous old sabres in heavy scabbards, which looked as if they belonged to the revolutionary period, and which may have had interesting histories, but if they had no one at that time, cared enough or thought naught about such things, to give the younger generation the benefit.

THE CONFEDERATE WAR

What I have written so far has been of my own accord. I have often been asked by the members of my immediate family to write of some of my war experiences. Reminiscences of that sort which do not aspire to be historical, of course, derive their chief, if not their sole interest, from personal incident and anecdote. Of these, camp life is always full, but unfortunately, my memory in this respect is not tenacious, and most of the stories and jokes which helped to enliven the distress of camp, or cheer the fatigue of a long march have faded away. I know that both camp life, and life on the march, and even on the battlefield sometimes, abounded with droll exhibitions of humor, oftentimes coming from unexpected quarters but most of them were like the sands of the seashore, washed away by each succeeding wave. The life of a soldier in an active campaign, too, is such that each day's experience, no matter how thrilling for the moment, is wiped out to a large extent by similar experiences or others equally as exciting on the succeeding day. I kept during the larger portion of my service in the Army a pocket diary which would be invaluable to me now; but this with the contents of my trunk containing a new Confederate uniform of imported cloth and other valuables went up in the general conflagration of wagon trains on the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox.

I was in the habit too of writing frequent letters home from the Army to my mother and sisters, giving accounts of camp life and experiences in battle, but these were all lost or destroyed at the time of Sherman's march across the state in the early spring of 1865.

When I left college in the winter of 1855, I spent the three succeeding years at home. My father's health and strength failed him entirely, and my time was employed in looking after his business, and helping to nurse him.

I managed notwithstanding to read a little law, and after nominally being in the office of John A. Inglis[60] at Cheraw for a few months, I was admitted upon written examination before the State Court of Appeals at Columbia in the winter of 1858, to the practice of law, and in the following spring to practice in equity.

Mr. Inglis was about that time made one of the chancellors of the state, and when the Secession Convention met in Charleston in December 1860, he was the draftsman of the Ordinance of Secession.

I opened a law office in Darlington Courthouse. In fact, I bought a small lot[61] and had a neat law office erected on the Courthouse Square, containing two large rooms, one of which I used as an office, the other as a bedroom. As I had not a great deal to do, I usually went home, to Society Hill on Fridays, returning on Monday and devoting some of the intermediate time to looking after the plantations.

A year or more previous to the beginning of hostilities, a military company was organized at Darlington, of which F. F. Warley[62], one of the leading younger members of the bar, and who had received a thorough military education at what was called "The Citadel" in Charleston, was elected captain, and I was elected first lieutenant. While in college, I had belonged for a year or so to the College Company, but their exercises were confined to marching downtown for an hour or two every other Saturday if the weather was good, headed by a brass band, so that when I assumed the duties of a lieutenant, I had to begin with private instruction as one of the awkward squad in the use of the manual. The organization of the company was the natural outgrowth of the prevalent feeling that trouble was ahead. In the political discussions over the policy to be pursued by the state in resisting the threats held out by the abolitionists of the north and preserving the rights of the south and the integrity of her domestic institutions, public sentiment was divided between those who were classed as "Co-operationists", meaning those who wished the state to take no separate action, and those who were willing "to go it alone" and were Secessionists at all hazards. Those who called themselves "Union" men and were opposed to any action at all were extremely few, and could be counted upon the fingers of your hand; among them

however, were some very able and influential men, Mr. James L. Petigru[63] of Charleston, the foremost lawyer of the state, B. F. Perry[64] of Greenville, editor of a newspaper and an able man, our neighbor Col. John N. Williams, a man whom everybody respected, and in Marlboro County, Christopher Dudley[65], an able and astute politician. As the excitement grew, Union men became fewer, and whatever influence they may have had was lost; the lines of the Co-operationists too fell away, and when the legislature met which called the Convention together which passed the ordinance of Secession, the Secession sentiment throughout the State had crystallized into a white heat, and there was no other thought but that of resistance by force if necessary.

This feeling made our company, called the Darlington Guards, the object of great sympathy and interest throughout the County. Its ranks embraced all classes in the community, farmers, mechanics, clerks, a few professional men and the orderly sergeant[66], the head of a large and flourishing private school.

Under the circumstances, it was not a matter of great surprise when a telegram was received about noon on the 2nd of January of 1861 from Governor Pickens, calling on the company to report for duty at once at Charleston. Nevertheless, the excitement which followed the receipt of the telegram was not inconsiderable.

"Old Henry"[67], the colored drummer, was ordered at once to beat the assembly on the Courthouse Square. Uniforms were quickly donned, and the command "fall in", brought into line all the members within reach. The Governor's dispatch was read, and orders issued by the Captain to assemble at nine o'clock the next morning, to take the first train to Charleston. New applications for membership in the Company now poured in, but the ranks were already full. I spent the ensuing evening at home, making hurried preparations for my departure, and the next morning I bid my dear mother and sisters goodbye.

We arrived in Charleston in the course of the afternoon, and were immediately mustered into service for the period of six months.

The night was passed on the Citadel grounds and barracks, and the next morning the company was transported to Sullivan's Island, and marched by Fort Moultrie, and past the "Moultrie House" a well known Hotel, to a large spacious building with the appearance of a boarding house which was assigned as company quarters.

At this time, Major Robert Anderson of the U. S. Army had transferred his garrison from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, one of the things that added so much to the excitement and friction of the period.

Fort Moultrie after its evacuation by Major Anderson was occupied by General Ripley representing the state, with some troops from Charleston. Castle Pinckney, a small port in the harbor, between Fort Sumter and the city, and Morris Island on the opposite side of the harbor from Sullivan's Island were also occupied by detachments of Charleston troops. The forces on Sullivan's Island beside those in Fort Moultrie, consisted of a regiment composed of companies from the country outside the state, under the command of Col. Maxcy Gregg. The first company to arrive in response to the Governor's call was the "Richland Rifles" from Columbia and they were given the first place in the regiment as Company A. Ours was the second company to arrive and we were Company B.

In getting from the city to our quarters, arrangements were made for the transportation of our baggage to follow us. As the company marched along the wide stretch of beach, I was amused and a little chagrined to see tugging behind the company, my colored man Luther with a small mattress and bedclothes of my belongings strapped to his back, and almost hiding him from view. It seemed my mother had had a small mattress which could be folded up, made in anticipation and had specially charged him to see that on no account should I sleep on the ground and that he must have my mattress always at my command.

The faithful fellow was carrying out her instructions. I always think of him with deep regrest. My grandmother McIntosh had given him to me years before, but he had never been a house servant. He followed me to Virginia and was most faithful. When we left Richmond and went to Manassas he was taken sick and went back from there to Richmond where he could receive better treatment, but he died there, and I never saw him again.

Notwithstanding the presence of my mattress, my first night's experience in camp could not be regarded as a success, but that was caused by something which no maternal solicitude could provide against. Quite near where I lay on the floor of one of the large rooms in the house, lay also two of the company, the second sergeant and a private, the latter a big burly fellow a tinner by trade whom everybody called Jim Woodward. We had scarcely lain down when the two, the sergeant and the private, began to snore, uttering the most fantastic and unearthly sounds gutteral and nasal which I venture to say were ever heard. As soon as one was waked and made to stop, the other would begin, and sometimes answering each other in duet fashion.

It seemed to me the hideous noise lasted all night, but after that I made other sleeping arrangements.

Our military life began after a strenuous fashion. First, reveille and roll call, at which the officers were expected to be present, with a squad drill for an hour in the school of the soldier before breakfast. After breakfast guard mounting, then

company drill or exercise in the manual for two hours. After dinner, battalion drill, and at sundown regimental dress parade. When taps were sounded every light went out. By laborious application, I soon made myself fairly proficient, and able to handle and drill the company.

The only excitement we experienced while on Sullivan's Island was the attempt of the "Star of the West", a government steamer, on the morning of the 9th of January to succor Fort Sumter with provisions and munitions of war including two hundred recruits to the garrison. Governor Pickens had reported to the convention while still in session that he regarded the evacuation of Fort Moultrie under the circumstances, as a violation of the understanding between the authorities at Washington and those of the State. The attempt to reinforce Sumter pending efforts for a plausible adjustment of the situation was looked upon as a further break of faith, and consequently when the "Star of the West" appeared steaming up the channel, the batteries on Morris Island promptly opened fire, and she as promptly turned about and steamed back. I am not sure how many shots were fired. One I know was fired across her bow, which I think had the desired effect. It was the first hostile shot of the war, and it was used to excite and inflame the Northern mind as an attack upon the flag of the Country. In this respect it undoubtedly had an unfortunate effect,

but if the state was to maintain the position for which she contended, and war was a necessary sequence, the only safe thing for her to do was not only to prevent reinforcements from reaching Fort Sumter, but to seize that place as soon as it was ascertained it would not be surrendered. Looking back from this distance of time, our part in the affair of the "Star of the West" seems a little ludicrous.

At the first alarm, the Long Roll was beat, and the Regiment put under arms, and promptly drawn up in line of battle facing the beach, and prepared to resist any landing which might be attempted. When the vessel turned about and disappeared without returning the shot or making any demonstration, there was a decided feeling of disappointment, and the only effect so far as we were concerned, was to give us a sharpened appetite for breakfast.

The harbor of the City of Charleston is approached by two channels, one running along the front of Sullivan's Island, running east and west called Moffet's Channel, the other running along the front of Morris Island from a southerly direction called the Ship or Main Channel.

After some weeks spent on Sullivan's Island, the regiment was transferred to Morris Island and distributed at different points along the sea front. The "Guards" were ordered to the extreme southerly point of the island which ended at Folly Inlet,

and where stood the "Light House" to mark the entrance of the channel, the lights of which however were now concealed at night. Between the lighthouse and the north end of the island facing Fort Sumter and where a number of sunken batteries including what was known as the Iron Battery stretched several miles of low sand hills with a beach on the ocean side, and a few hundred yards from the lighthouse on this ridge of sand dunes was a little wood containing two guns, to which I was ordered with a detachment from the company of about twenty men.

The guns were smooth bore 24 pounders, mounted en barbette on huge carriages, facing the channel, the only protection being the low wall of sand about two and one-half feet above the platform on which the gun carriages rested.

This however, made no difference to us. It seemed to our inexperienced eyes rather an imposing affair, and we were willing and anxious to make the acquaintance of the Federal Navy which it was supposed might appear at any moment, and which we were quite prepared to blow out of the water, if they attempted anything so daring as to come within gunshot. We were expected not only to fire upon any vessel which offered to approach by the Ship Channel, but also to keep a sharp lookout for a night attack by parties from the fleet outside landing in small boats on the beach. It goes without saying that every man had his mind made up to fight this thing to the last ditch, in other words to die in our tracks.

When some of these war vessels or gunboats of the enemy more than a year afterwards at Malvern Hill threw their long large conical shells at us from the James River some miles distant, and snapped off the trees around us like pipe stems, the thought occurred to us, that maybe after all, our 24 pounders with round shot and shell wouldn't have blown the other side "out of the water" as we thought, and that it was mighty fortunate for us they gave us no chance to try our metal or our courage.

There was but one man in the detachment who had ever before loaded a cannon, or knew the use of a handspike in handling the carriage. But a little artillery manual which I promptly got hold of and diligently studied soon enabled us to manipulate the pieces and taught us how to load and how to get the desired range. The work of self instruction kept us engaged during the day, and looking after the sentinels occupied most of the night.

The sentinels at night were posted on the little hillocks which lined the beach, and as we were all green they had to be taught their duties, and looked after to see that these were performed. It was especially the duty of the "officer of the day" in making his grand rounds to visit each of the posts, and see that the sentinel was alert. While engaged in this duty one night, I thought I was about to meet my end.

I approached a post where I knew a sentinel should be. It was somewhat dark, and I got pretty near before I could recognize his figure, and then only because there was no background, except the sky. At the same moment the sentinel heard my approach in the sand, and without calling me to halt and give the countersign, he brought his gun to his shoulder and I heard the ominous click as he cocked his pin. I shouted at the top of my voice, in language neither military or polite for him to throw up his piece. As he knew my voice, it was just in time to save the fire, but it was a close call.

The only opportunity we had of trying our metal was one night, we discovered something coming in, the size and character of which we could not make out, there being only one small light visible. We threw a shot in front of the moving object when a large sail instantly dropped and it came to anchor. When morning dawned there the boat lay, but without a sign of life aboard, nor were we able to get any response.

Our resourceful recruit, as the only sea dog of the party, volunteered to swim out to the draft, which did not appear to be over two or three hundred yards distant, and find out her business, which he proceeded to do.

He started straight for the vessel, but it was soon seen that the treacherous tide was sweeping him to one side. He turned his course to breast it, but we saw to our horror that he could make no headway and had become exhausted with the effort. We shouted to him to turn back. This he tried to do, alternately swimming a little and then floating on his back. After what seemed an interminable time during which we made vain efforts to procure a boat, he succeeded in getting close enough to shore, for half a dozen of the men to wade in holding each other firmly by the hand and the one fathest out, pulled him in. He was a pitiable looking object, apparently unconscious, with froth oozing from his mouth and nose, but after rolling him in the sand and wrapping him in blankets he came to. The vessel proved to be a coaster from Florida loaded with naval stores, and the Master had not heard of the embargo of the port. During one of these vigils at the battery on a certain dark night, we had a striking illustration of the pranks played by one's imagination when the senses are tightly strung.

The sentinel on the beach came in to say, he was sure a boat was approaching and he could hear the dip of the oars. I went down with a guard armed with muskets to explore. Sure enough not far below us could be heard the measured stroke of oars as they struck the water. We made sure it was the advance boat of a landing party, bent on seizing the battery, and every man was prepared to shed his last drop just then in resisting the invader, but to

our surprise they came no nearer. Mustering up all our courage we determined to force the fighting, and crept cautiously forward, and still forward, but no boat or enemy until finally we discovered the fragment of an old wreck on the edge of the beach which was being lapped by the tide, and which we had mistaken for the dipping of oars.

The State of South Carolina passed the Ordinance of Secession in December of 1860. The State of Mississippi did likewise on the 9th of January 1861, and their example was followed during the same month by the states of Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana, and the conventions of these states designated the 4th of February for the assembling of a Congress of the seceding states, and acting as the representative of the Sovereignty of the people appointed delegates to a congress to meet at Montgomery, Alabama.

On the 9th of February, the Congress elected Mr. Jefferson Davis President, and Mr. Alexander Stephens Vice President of the "Confederate States of America", that being the title of the new government in the provisional constitution adopted by the Congress.

On the first of March, 1861, the new Secretary of War issued from Montgomery an order to Brig. Gen. P.G.T. Beauregard to proceed to Charleston, S. C. and report to Gov. Pickens for duty and take charge of the defenses at that place.

Governor Pickens was only too glad to have the assistance of one with Beauregard's reputation, and he promptly turned over to him the command of all the state forces, which was approved by the convention still in session. The very name of Beauregard was something to conjure with. The citizens vied with each other in doing him honor, and prominent men in the state and others from Washington who were attracted to the scene, volunteered to act upon his staff. As far back as the 22nd of February, the Confederate Congress had passed a resolution that immediate steps should be taken to obtain possession of Fort Sumter, either by negotiation or force.

Mr. Douglas of Illinois who had been nominated by one wing of the democratic party in 1860 for President, but who was not the least in sympathy with the secession movement, introduced in the United States Senate a resolution recommending the withdrawal of the garrisons from all the forts within the limits of the states which had seceded, except those at Key West and the Dry Tortugas supporting it in an able speech on the ground of policy. General Scott, commander in chief of the U. S. Army, was also known to have urgently recommended it. Major Anderson in command of the Fort deprecated attempts to reinforce it, and the subject was a source of animated discussion in the early days of Mr. Lincoln's

Cabinet. Commissioners appointed by the states individually and by the Confederate Congress visited Washington in the effort to adjust the terms for a peaceable settlement. The history of these negotiations and the vacillating course pursued by Mr. Buchanan the outgoing president, and the deceptive and illusive policy of Mr. Lincoln and his advisors, are matters of history, and will not be gone into here. The military authorities at Charleston, meanwhile pushed their preparations for attack and defense. Batteries bearing on Fort Sumter, were constructed on Morris and Sullivan's Island, as well as other points, and a floating battery much talked of at the time, was built off Fort Moultrie, to be used at the proper time.

During this time our little detachment at the 24 pounder battery, was surprised one morning by a visit from Beauregard, whom none of us had previously seen. He galloped up, accompanied by an aide and an orderly, and dismounting was in the battery, taking in the surroundings with his field glasses, almost before we knew it. He was the picture of a soldier, and his movements rapid and energetic. As soon as he made his observations and gave us an opportunity we saluted, and I offered to have the guns manned, and display our skill in handling them. This he declined, and in a moment more he was gone. Altogether, we felt somehow just a little bit smaller than we did before.

On the 9th of April, three days before the bombardment began, Beauregard sent a letter addressed to "Col. M. Gregg, commanding Morris Island" saying he was sending two twelve pounders and a battery of six pounders to be used in defense of Vinegar Hill, (where the Regiment was chiefly stationed) and the Lighthouse hills, and to prevent a landing on the low ground between the two points. This shows that he apprehended a serious attack from that quarter, but the attack never materialized (fortunately for us).

The excitement which pervaded the city and extended throughout the troops now became intense. Intelligence was received from Washington that Sumter was to be certainly reinforced and negotiations were ended.

The New York papers of the 11th announced the departure of a number of war vessels with Charleston as their destination. On the same day Beauregard demanded the evacuation of the fort, offering honorable terms to Anderson. The demand was declined and a second message sent that fire would be opened at the expiration of an hour if the terms were still declined. At 4:30 a.m. of the 12th the signal gun was fired from James Island, and the bombardment was begun from all points.

How grand and strange those first guns sounded. A bloodless battle! This was to be followed by numberless others, in which the bloodshed cannot be counted.

We were too far away to see anything of the fight. When night came on, as the bombardment continued, we could watch the shells from the mortar batteries as they described graceful curves through the air, leaving bright streaks of light, as they descended upon the fort.

The night was black and stormy. It was known that a number of war vessels had arrived and were lying off the bar, waiting it was supposed to run in by night and attempt a landing. Our attention, therefore, was divided between watching the beach and the mortar shells as they coursed through the heavens.

The next morning between nine and ten o'clock, the barracks in the fort took fire, caused it was said by hot shot fired from Fort Moultrie, and this hastened the surrender of the Garrison which was finally made about 1 o'clock p.m.

Anticipating a determined effort on the part of the war vessels to make a demonstration by land as well as by sea, Governor Pickens had called out additional troops, and there were now supposed to be five or six thousand men on Morris Island. How to organize them was an embarrassment. General Beauregard's rank was Brigadier General, Provisional Forces. General M. L. Bonham who had been appointed Major General of Volunteers in the State, appeared on the scene and wanted a command. He readily agreed, however, to serve under Beauregard, and the matter was adjusted

by dividing the command on Morris Island, between General James Simms and General P. A. Nelson, each commanding a small brigade, and both under Bonham. Besides these were General Deumorant on Sullivan's Island and General Ripley on Fort Moultrie, but it was not a great while before the names of many of these most prominent at the time, disappeared from view. The state meanwhile had not been idle in efforts to procure arms and munitions of war. Several cannons of the Blakely and Armstrong pattern had been purchased in England and arrived.

Shortly after the arrival of our company, we exchanged the smooth bore musket for Enfield rifles, which were claimed to be the most efficient small arms in use and lighter than the Springfield.

Before leaving home, the officers of the company had procured each a pair of Colts Navy revolvers, and they and the men acquired some knowledge of the use of their respective weapons.

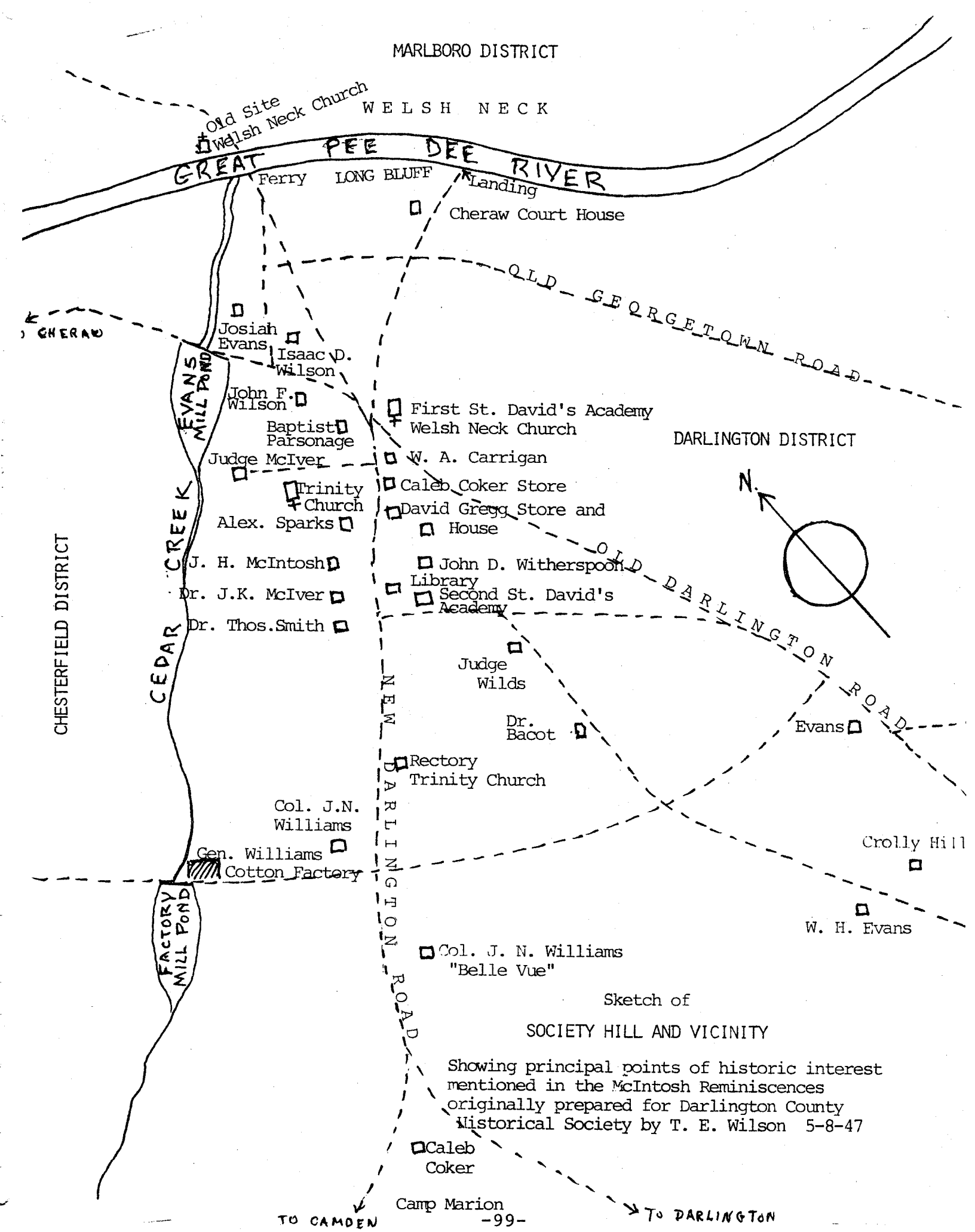
Two days after the surrender of Fort Sumter, Mr. Lincoln opened his proclamation for 75,000 men to put down "the rebellion." Up to this time, there was a divided sentiment in the State of Virginia upon the question of secession, but that proclamation did the business, and Virginia at once passed her Ordinance of Secession. Col. Lee's resignation from the U. S. Army followed, and he was commissioned General and offered the command of all her forces by the State of Virginia.

It was now evident that the seat of war would be transferred to the soil of that state. It followed that one morning while Captain Warley was in the city, an order was received from regimental headquarters, directing that the company be paraded at a certain hour, and a call from the Governor of the State (which was enclosed) that the Regiment should at once proceed to Virginia, be read to the company. The regiment having enlisted in the service of the State, it seemed there was some doubt about the right to order it out of the State. The call, therefore, was in the nature of an appeal to the Regiment to volunteer for that purpose. The order further provided that when the call was read, all who were willing to go should step ten paces to the front.

The company was still detached from the Regiment, and there was little time in the interim for any consultation.

As next in command, I ordered the company to be paraded at the appointed hour. Just as the men were falling in, the Captain arrived. I had no time for conference with him, though that would have made no difference with me. What he heard in the city, or what influenced him I never knew, but it became instantly known that he was adverse to the call. When the orderly sergeant, John Harrington, read the call and the order, the Captain stood fast. I stepped out and a little less than half the company followed me, but no other commissioned officer.

In less than an hour we were packed and at the wharf, where with the balance of the regiment all of whom volunteered, we were transported by boats to the city, and in a few hours embarked on the train for Richmond. I took occasion while in the city to discard the sabre I was wearing, which was a dress affair with gilt scabbard, and procure a more serviceable one which I continued to wear throughout the war. The Regiment was the first to leave the state for Virginia, and its action was thoroughly approved. As we passed Florence[68] I met some of the family and said goodbye to them. I left a sergeant here to obtain recruits to fill up the ranks of the company. Everyone felt that now the war was on in earnest. One of my friends, Alonzo T. Dargan[69], a member of the bar, about my age and married, said to me in parting that he envied my lot, and would like so much to go to the front. He joined some command and was in service on the coast until the summer of 1864, when his regiment was ordered to Virginia. He debarked from the train between Petersburg and Richmond, and was killed in the very first engagement which occurred a few hours afterwards. Such are the chances of war.



Sketch of

SOCIETY HILL AND VICINITY

Showing principal points of historic interest mentioned in the McIntosh Reminiscences originally prepared for Darlington County Historical Society by T. E. Wilson 5-8-47

FOOTNOTES

1. James H. McIntosh, September 19, 1800 - October 24, 1858.

2. 1760-July 29, 1809. Said to be a native of Ireland, he first appears in South Carolina on Jeffreys Creek in the present Florence County, in 1779 as a member of Captain James Gregg's Company of Light Horse.

3. Marshall married Mary Gregg May 19, 1791, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Evan Pugh. Her father died in 1802 and her mother, nee Elizabeth Wilson of Williamsburg Township, died August 2, 1799.

4. David Gregg, December 28, 1783 - September 24, 1855.

5. Eleazer Waterman (c. 1796-September 27, 1865) a native of Connecticut; Ordinary for Georgetown; proprietor of the GEORGETOWN GAZETTE; and father-in-law of Sheriff James M. Hunter of Darlington District.

6. So named for Peter Roblyn, who was granted land in the area in 1742.

7. Their names were Catherine and Eleanor.

8. The five sons were Alexander, John, William, Lachlin and James.

9. Henry W. McIntosh, September 20, 1810 - October 23, 1881.

10. Mrs. Sarah Ann Norwood, January 9, 1802-September 29, 1872, wife of Joseph Norwood.

11. Mrs. Frances C. Watson.

12. Mrs. Margaret Lucas McIntosh, October 9, 1783-November 5, 1862.

13. Rev. James C. Furman, December 5, 1809-March 3, 1891, for thirty years President of Furman University, founded by his father.

14. Historical Sketch of the Welsh Neck Baptist Church, Society Hill, South Carolina, together with Addresses Delivered at the One Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary, published in pamphlet form in 1889 by Hoyt and Keys, Greenville, South Carolina. The pamphlet contains the speech of James C. Furman (pages 40-57) quoted here and on page 21.

15. Dr. Thomas Smith (January 9, 1793-March 8, 1875), an Englishman, originally came to Society Hill as a teacher in St. David's Academy.

16. Mrs. Smith, nee Elizabeth Dewitt (c. 1786-c. 1859), daughter of Captain William Dewitt of the Revolution.

17. Alexander Gregg (October 8, 1819 - July 10, 1893), attorney, ordained priest in the Episcopal Church 1847; Rector of St. David's Church, Cheraw (1847-1859); elected first Episcopal Bishop of Texas, 1859; Chancellor of the University of the South Sewanee, Tenn. (1887-1893); author of History of the Old Cheraws.

18. Trinity Church, Society Hill, was consecrated April 25, 1834.

19. Henry Elwell (1802-1853) was received by the Diocese of South Carolina from Florida as a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1844. He was sent, through aid from the Society for the Advancement of Christianity (Episcopalian), to St. David's Parish, Cheraw, January, 1844, where he was assisted by Alexander Gregg, deacon and later Bishop of Texas in operating a day school in Cheraw. He was removed from St. David's in October 1845, and placed in charge of a private school in the Mars Bluff community run by Episcopalians which eventually became the congregation of Christ Church, Mars Bluff, then in Darlington County, now in Florence County. He, together with the Reverend Isaac Swart, conducted services at Darlington County Courthouse, 1845-1851. Later, Mr. Elwell was sent by the Advancement Society to the Church of the Good Shepherd in York in August of 1852 and died there in June of 1853.

20. Dr. McIver's eldest daughter was Mary Marshall McIver, born in 1821.

21. Louisa Ann Elizabeth McIntosh (July 26, 1834-May 21, 1883).

22. So called since it was the site of a water-powered cotton mill built in 1812 by Gov. David R. Williams, organized as the "Union Manufacturing Company."

23. Josiah J. Evans (November 27, 1786-May 6, 1858); Chancellor of the Equity Court 1829-52; Member U. S. Senate 1853-58.

24. Edward McIntosh (April 20, 1840 - June 6, 1872) married Dora D. Evans (August 28, 1847-October 20, 1868). The wedding took place in Trinity Church August 6, 1868, with Rev. P.D. Hay officiating.

25. Lucas McIntosh (July 7, 1845 - January 26, 1901) was married on December 10, 1874, to Rosa Evans (October 15, 1849-March 21, 1934).

26. Home of Major John Dewitt, who died February 16, 1845 at the age of 75 years. Both the Evans and Major John Dewitt plantations were part of the vast land holdings of Captain William Dewitt, Revolutionary Patriot. The Major was grandfather of Episcopal priest Rev. John D. McCollough.

27. Isaac DeLesseline Wilson (March 2, 1810 - October 18, 1889); best remembered as Delegate from Darlington District to the Secession Convention.

28. John Flavel Wilson (November 4, 1782-July 28, 1851).

29. Charles B. Fort, Magistrate. Born c. 1805, he died shortly after the Civil War.

30. John Tolson (1810-1871). Brother-in-law of Squire Fort; left Society Hill and settled near Cartersville in lower Darlington District, now Florence County.

31. Archibald Douglas (1789-1846), a native of Scotland; the only child of this large family to remain in Society Hill was Margaret, who married Theodore Sompayrac.

32. John Kolb Meigs (November 1820-June 1882).

33. Alexander Sparks (September 27, 1780-January 29, 1857).

34. John D. Witherspoon (March 17, 1778-April 2, 1860), attorney and senator from Darlington District 1828-1832.

35. William H. Evans (September 22, 1819-November 24, 1892), attorney, Captain in the 8th Regiment S.C.V. in the early days of the War; and for a number of years Darlington County School Commissioner.

36. Dr. John K. McIver (January 29, 1789-October 30, 1846), physician; Captain in the U. S. Army during the War of 1812.

37. John Nicholas Williams (July 2, 1797-April 12, 1861); son of Gov. David R. Williams; Planter, member of South Carolina's Thirty First General Assembly.

38. Mrs. Williams, nee Katherine Boykin Miller (1827-1876). Mrs. Joseph Ames mentioned below was the wife of Dr. Joseph S. Ames, President of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, 1929-1935.

39. Caleb Coker (September 14, 1802-July 17, 1869). This plantation was called "Camp Marion".

40. David R. Williams (March 8, 1776-November 17, 1830). Congressman (1805-1809, 1812-1813), Governor of South Carolina 1814-1816; Brig. Gen. in War of 1812; scientific agriculturist and pioneer manufacturer.

41. The Society Hill Library Society was organized in 1822 and incorporated December 20, 1823.

42. Rev. Alexander Gregg's wife, nee Charlotte Wilson Kollock.

43. Henry Linton (July 4, 1776-October 1873).

44. Alexander Linton (April 1, 1815-January 5, 1907).

45. Julia Ruth Gregg McIver (September 24, 1825-May 14, 1913) wife of John J. McIver.

46. A school, sponsored and financed by the St. David's Society, organized in 1777.

47. Captain James McIntosh, M. D. of Newberry, South Carolina (February 27, 1838-February 26, 1919).

48. John K. McIver (September 1, 1835-October 13, 1863). He died as a result of wounds received in the Battle of Gettysburg. The U.D.C. Chapter in Darlington, S. C. is named for him.

49. Evander McIver Griffin (June 26, 1827-February 5, 1896).

50. Martha Gregg McIntosh (January 18, 1812-October 25, 1874).

51. Athalinda Brocky Gregg (June 12, 1786-October 24, 1844).

52. Elias Gregg (1790-1854), for many years librarian of the Society Hill Library Society.

53. Dr. Charles Williams (September 20, 1807-March 30, 1863). One of the founders of the first Methodist Church in Society Hill, he moved to Georgetown, S. C. in 1847.

54. In late life Dr. Smith grew a beard; see his photo in Doctors of Darlington County, p. 69.

55. Rev. Dr. James Henley Thornwell (December 9, 1812-August 1, 1862).

56. Peter K. McIver (November 30, 1795-June 8, 1872). This plantation contained 1,680 acres, and lay both in Darlington and Chesterfield Districts; deed of conveyance dated November 13, 1852.

57. Located on Horse Branch, near Dovesville, and operated by James B. Parnell.

58. John McQueen (February 9, 1804-August 30, 1867), attorney, and member of the U. S. and Confederate Congresses. His rank was attained in the South Carolina Militia.

59. "Camp Marion" at the present fork of U. S. Highways 52 and 15 south of Society Hill was the muster ground for the area.

60. John Auchincloss Inglis (August 26, 1813-August 26, 1878).

61. He purchased the lot from his relative, James H. Norwood, on January 19, 1860. McIntosh neglects to mention that for a while he was junior partner with W. W. Harllee of Marion, S. C. in the law firm "Harllee & McIntosh".

62. Frederick Fraser Warley (August 28, 1830-April 15, 1876).

63. James L. Petigru (1789-1863). Member of the House of Representatives from St. Philip & St. Michael in the early 1830's.

64. Benjamin Franklin Perry (November 20, 1805-December 3, 1886). Senator from Greenville District and Provisional Governor of South Carolina in 1865.

65. Christopher William Dudley (May 19, 1808-January 15, 1881). Senator from Marlborough District, attorney and planter.

66. John W. Harrington (December 16, 1829-January 17, 1904). For nearly five years, he was school master of St. John's Academy in Darlington, S. C.

67. Henry Brown (1830-1907). A brickmason; born a slave, he purchased his freedom and that of his wife. He served as a drummer not only in the Civil War, but in the Mexican War and in the Spanish-American War.

68. The Florence depot was an open passenger shed on Front Street (now Baroody Street) directly across from Gamble's Hotel which stood at the southwestern corner of Coit and Front Streets. It served passengers on the North Eastern Railroad between Florence and Charleston; passengers on the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad between Wilmington, N.C. and the midlands of South Carolina, and passengers on the Cheraw and Darlington Railroad with destinations in the upper Pee Dee region, including Society Hill. Florence, although not incorporated until 1871, was an important rail connection between Richmond, Virginia and Charleston, S. C. during the Confederate War. A skirmish took place at the depot between the Confederate and Federal forces on March 5, 1865. The village of Florence was in Darlington County until 1888 when Florence County was created.

69. Alonzo T. Dargan was killed May 7, 1864. His widow Jane survived him 72 years.

Saint David's Society

Organized December 13, 1777

Incorporated by Act of the
South Carolina General Assembly
March 28, 1778. The Society's charter
was revised March 1, 1978

Present
Officers:

James W. Parker, Jr. ..... President
Dr. Robert R. Coker ..... Vice President
E. N. Zeigler ..... Secretary
Charles W. Boyd ..... Treasurer

Wardens:

Mrs. L. D. Lide ..... Florence
Henry Swink ..... Florence
W. E. (Ned) Dargan ..... Darlington
Horace Fraser Rudisill ..... Darlington
Dr. B. E. Coggeshall, Jr. ..... Cheraw
Mrs. Howard Duvall ..... Cheraw
Duncan McCall ..... Bennettsville
Honorable John L. Napier ..... Bennettsville